



# YUNUS EMRE



## YUNUS EMRE: SELECTED POEMS

# YUNUS EMRE

## Selected Poems

Translated by  
**Talat Sait Halman**



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# Preface

For more than seven centuries, Yunus Emre and his poems have lived in the hearts of men and in their speech. Even in small villages in Anatolia, I know of men who can recite lines of Yunus's poems, which have reached them passing from one generation to the next by word of mouth. In Australia, I once met a Pakistani who knew no Turkish and I heard him sing Yunus Emre's hymns. I also know that those hymns are sung in Albania and the other Balkan countries.

Is it possible to imagine anyone here in Turkey with no feeling of love in his heart for Yunus? Whenever his name is mentioned, the faces of men light up and they feel love surging in them. Our love of Yunus is one of the most precious ties that bind us together. Our nation's debt to him is indeed great.

"How is it" asks Vahabzade, the great Azerbaijani poet, "That although he died in one place, his grave exists in a thousand?" and he answers in the following lines:

*Because each day his grave is dug anew in the hearts of men:  
His grave is in the grass, the flower, and the rose;  
Is he a legend or real, what man is this man,  
He is the voice of being, rising from the Turk's kopuz.<sup>1</sup>*

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<sup>1</sup> Kopuz is an ancient fretless string instrument used in Central Asian music, related to certain other Turkic string instruments and the lute.

Yunus Emre is, indeed, the voice of being. He is fully aware of what is known as the "existential unity of being" and thus lives in the grass, in flowers, roses and in hearts. What forms the basis of his philosophy is his awareness of the nature of being, the supreme value of man among creation, and the necessity of making man attain awareness of his own value. He is, in other words, a Muslim mystic. He is Yunus the Dervish.

For Yunus, the cause of all existence is love. It is through love that the Creator can be reached. Love is at once the cause and purpose of life on earth. The path leading to the Creator passes through the heart of the human being who holds the highest rank among the created:

*I am not here on earth for strife,  
Love is the mission of my life.  
Hearts are the home of the loved one;  
I came here to build each true heart.*

Allah, whose being is unlike that of his creation, whose Person lies beyond the grasp of man, but whose works are not inaccessible, has created man as his caliph (i.e., deputy) on earth. He has furnished man with the supreme quality of being the holiest among all creation because he has made him of the same essence as that of the universe. The human being is, in fact, the universe in miniature. He who understands man may also grasp the universe. The road leading to scientific progress is the same as the road leading to knowledge of Allah. Acquisition of scientific knowledge is a debt Allah expects man to pay him; it means attainment of self-knowledge. Self-knowledge forms the basis of every science:

*Knowledge of science is to know science,  
Knowledge of science is self-knowledge;  
If you fail to attain self-knowledge,  
What good is there in your studies?*

Each person has his own fate in this world. He or she accepts it and departs. No one remains here forever. What we should really offer and receive is love. It is Love that is the essence of all existence:

*Let us love and be loved,  
The world shall be left to no one.*

Humanity is now going through a new phase. The revolution taking place in science and technology is reshaping the whole world and its value systems. In this age of change, humanity's need for Yunus Emre's philosophy and the culture that gave rise to it will grow. In our present world of computers and robots, what may save man from dwindling into insignificance is Yunus Emre's philosophy, as it emphasises the need for self-knowledge and regards man as the highest among all creation and as the essence of the universe. His philosophy may prevent the human being's decline from a noble status to that of a mere tool in the future. It is for our nation, as heir to this culture, to lead the way. We should, therefore, learn and understand Yunus Emre and his teachings better and help humanity to know him too. In this way we may help our Age of Information change into an Age of Knowledge and of Love.

Namık Kemal Zeybek  
*Minister of Culture of the Turkish Republic*

# Yunus Emre's Humanism

*Talât Sait Halman*

*"The world is my true nation,  
Its people are my nation"*

Humanism is an abiding tradition in Turkish culture. Before adopting Islam and settling in Anatolia, the Turks had already acquired anthropocentric attitudes as a result of the vicissitudes they experienced in long periods of exodus and during relatively brief sojourns in Asia. Changes of locale, shifting cultural orientation, new religious allegiances, wars with many nations and communities, struggle for survival in the face of natural disasters helped to create among the Turks a sense of life's impermanence as well as faith in human endurance against the ravages of a hostile world. Contact with diverse peoples diminished their ethnocentricity and gave them a faculty for latitudinarian relations. Cataclysmic social and cultural changes instilled in them a sense of reliance on man rather than institutions.

The seeds of humanism which the Turks brought with them found fertile ground in Anatolia, where Sufism (Islamic mysticism) had firmly established itself. During their conversion to Islam and assimilation of its cultural concomitants, many Turks embraced the

Sufi doctrine as well as its humanist concepts which were congenial to their pre-Islamic humanistic tradition.

By the late 13th century, Islamic mysticism— particularly the Sufi philosophy of Rumi—had become widespread and vastly influential in many parts of the new homeland of the Turks. After several centuries of turmoil in Anatolia— with the ravages of the Crusades, the Byzantine-Selçuk wars, the Mongol invasions, strife among various Anatolian states and principalities, and frequent secessionist uprisings still visible or continuing there was a craving for peace based on an appreciation of man's inherent worth. Mysticism, which attributes God-like qualities to man, became the apostle of peace and the chief defender of man's value. While the "ghazi" (warrior, conquering hero) spirit still served as the primary impetus to Turkish conquests, the intellectual tradition of mysticism, with its central concern for man's dignity and worth, formed an antithetical, if not antagonistic, alternative to warfare and to inter religious strife as well as intra-religious sectarianism. The Turkish mystics articulated the idea that only one acceptable struggle may be undertaken: against man's "internal enemy" which is selfishness, vanity, ambition, and faithlessness. They denounced war and discord as morally indefensible and ethically wrong.

The humanistic mysticism of Anatolia in the late 13th century, with its concern for peace, brotherhood, man's intrinsic significance, and humanitarianism, was the culmination— better still, the perfection of the incipient humanism which the Turks had brought with them from Asia.

The tradition of Turkish humanism is best represented by Yunus Emre (d. ca. 1320). His poetry embodies the quintessence of Turkish Anatolian Islamic humanism, and has served as a fountainhead of the humanistic concepts which have been at work, overtly or implicitly, in the intellectual life of the Turks in later centuries.

Yunus Emre was the most significant literary figure of Turkish Anatolia to assimilate the teachings of Islam and to forge a synthesis

of Islam's primary values and mystic folk poetry. His verse stressed the importance of the human worth and viewed Islam not in terms of rigid formulas but in terms of freedom of the conscience and fundamental ethos.

Humanism is a system of thought which exalts man in his relations with God, nature, and society. The humanist accepts man as the criterion of creation, but the dogma of many major religions, including Islam, supports the concept that man's existence on earth is devoid of significance or value. As elsewhere, mysticism and humanism in the Islamic world emerged as the dialectical antithesis to this theological interpretation and to religious formalism. Yunus Emre, the first great Turkish humanist, stood squarely against Moslem dogmatists in expressing the primary importance of human existence and of *res humanae*:

*I see my moon right here on earth,  
What would I do with all the skies?  
Rains of mercy pour down on me  
From this ground where I fix my gaze.*

This is not a repudiation of a transcendent God. Rather, it is the internalization or humanization of God. The religious establishment in Yunus Emre's day, like the transcendental philosophy of the medieval Christian Church, was preaching scorn for the human being, propagating a sense of the filth and the futility of human existence. In open defiance of this teaching of "*contemptus mundi*," Yunus Emre spoke out for "*dignitas hominis*" and put forth an image of man not as an outcast, but as an extension of God's reality and love:

*We love the created  
For the Creator's sake.*

The mystic "infatuation" with God led him to believe, as did Sophocles, that:



*Many are wonders of the world,  
And none so wonderful as Man.*

In Yunus Emre's vision there is no place for the abysmal fallacy which segregates God and man. His philosophy is akin to Socratic humanism which supposes that truth is immanent in human subjectivity and that the divine is imbedded in man. A true mystic, he went in search of God's essence and, after sustained struggle and anguish, made his ultimate discovery:

*The Providence that casts this spell  
And speaks so many tongues to tell,  
Transcends the earth, heaven and hell,  
But is contained in this heart's cast.  
The yearning tormented my mind:  
I searched the heavens and the ground;  
I looked and looked, but failed to find.  
I found Him inside man at last.*

This faith in the primacy of man prompted the mystic poet to remind the orthodox:

*You better seek God right in your own heart;  
He is neither in the Holy Land nor in Mecca.*

Suffused through the verses of Yunus Emre is the concept of love as the supreme attribute of man and God:

*When love arrives, all needs and flaws are gone.  
He glorified love as the soul's highest pride and joy:  
Can there be anything better than love?*

He found in love a spiritual force which transcends the narrow confines into which human beings are forced:

*The man who feels the marvels of true love  
Abandons his religion and nation.*

As a pantheist, Yunus Emre believed that God is immanent in the universe. He is not independent of, apart from or above the cosmos, but inclusive of it and identical with it. To him, all matter is imbued with spirit or consciousness, and acquires higher values only through love.

Naturalistic and ecumenical visions form an integral part of Yunus Emre's theology:

*With the mountains and rocks  
I call you out, my God;  
With the birds as day breaks  
I call you out, my God.  
With Jesus is the sky,  
Moses on Mount Sinai,  
Raising my sceptre high,  
I call you out, my God.*

His poems frequently refer to his full acceptance of the "four holy books" rather than a strict adherence to the Koran, and occasionally invoke pre-Islamic religious names:

*I am Job: I have found all this patience;  
I am St. George: I died a thousand times.*

Yunus Emre represents what Abbé Bremond defines as "humanisme dévot." A central element of his humanistic thinking is the belief that, as Montaigne formulated it several centuries later, man aspires to be divine, but comes nearest to it when he is content to be truly human. The Turkish poet goes further in asserting that only love imparts God's gifts to man.

The proverbial statement of Protagoras in the 5th Century B.C.—"Man is the measure of all things"—often invoked as the inception of humanistic thought, has limited value for Yunus Emre who extends it into poetic passion and pantheistic vision.

Many of Yunus Emre's fundamental concepts are steeped in the Sufi tradition, particularly as set forth by the 13th century mystic philosopher and poet Rumi, who lived in Anatolia and utilized the legacy of Persia in cultural and linguistic terms. Like the medieval authors and thinkers in Europe who set aside their national languages in favor of Latin, Rumi chose Persian as his vehicle of expression. But Yunus Emre, like Dante, preferred the vernacular of his own people. Because he spoke their language and gave them the sense and the succor of divine love in such lines as

*Whoever has one drop of love  
Possesses God's existence,*

He became a legendary figure and a folk saint. In his lifetime, he travelled far and wide as a "dervish," not "colonizing" like many of his fellow dervishes, but serving the function of propaganda fide through his poetry. For seven centuries, his verses were memorized, recited, and celebrated in the heartland of Anatolia. His fame has become so widespread that about a dozen towns claim to have his tomb.

In 1957, when a modest ceremony was planned for the opening of a new mausoleum for Yunus Emre at Sariköy, thirty thousand people converged there from nearby towns and villages. They came by trucks and in ox carts; they came on foot. And thirty thousand peasants and townsfolk prayed together and chanted a poem by Yunus Emre, paying tribute to him with what is perhaps the most widely celebrated hymn of Moslem Turks:

*Listen to those rivers of Paradise  
Flowing in the name of God Almighty;  
The nightingales of Islam have come out  
To sing in the name of God Almighty.*

In the late 19th century and in the early 20th, this same hymn used to be sung by children in Istanbul and elsewhere on their way to or back from school or just before classes started. So, in the rural as well as in the urban areas, the poetry of Yunus Emre remains a

viable cultural force and a cherished aesthetic experience. It would probably be correct to describe Yunus Emre as the most important folk poet in the literature of Islam. Certainly, he is Turkey's greatest. Writing at the outset of Anatolian Turkish folk poetry, he achieved the consummation of that tradition. No folk poet of the later centuries has been able to match that achievement, although generations of mystic and folk poets took him as their principal standard of excellence.

Yunus Emre captured the genius of the Turkish language in poems written in the vernacular, using verse forms originated by the Turks. While most of his contemporaries and successors, who were enamored of Arabic and Persian norms and values which came after massive Turkish conversions to Islam, preferred borrowed forms, meters and vocabulary, Yunus Emre had a penchant for indigenous forms, used simple syllabic meters, and expressed his sentiments and the wisdom of his faith in the common man's language. Among his stylistic virtues were distilled statements, simple images and metaphors, and the avoidance of prolixity. He explicitly cautioned against loquaciousness and bloated language:

*Too many words are fit for a beast of burden.*

Yunus Emre practiced free use of living tradition, whereas others often produced servile copies of antique masterpieces. He was able to use the forms (particularly the "ghazal"), the prosody (the quantitative metric system called "arud" in Arabic, "aruz" in its Turkicized version), and the vocabulary of Arabic and Persian poetry. But most of his superior poems utilize the best resources of Turkish poetry, including the syllabic meters. This was in sharp contrast against the practice of the poets who belonged to the urban elite: they revelled in elegant verses composed in preponderantly Persian and Arabic vocabulary intelligible only to the highly educated. These poems later became unreadable because of obsolescent words. But Yunus Emre's adherence to Turkish vocabulary secured his continuing appeal to the Turks. Even today,

in the seventh century since his death, most Turks can read and appreciate Yunus Emre without consulting a dictionary too frequently, while they may find many classical poets of the 14th to the 19th centuries quite unintelligible.

Yunus Emre's permanence and power emanate not merely from his language, but from his themes of timeless significance, from his universal concepts and concerns. He is very much a poet of today not only in Turkey, but the world over. We live in an age which articulates the dramatic contrast of love and hostility. War is renounced as the immediate evil and the ultimate crime against humanity. Love is recognized as the celebration of life. A mighty slogan of the 1960's and 1970s was "Make love/Not war." Miraculously, this forceful statement is an echo from seven centuries ago, from Yunus Emre who expressed the same idea in a rhymed couplet:

*I am not here on earth for strife,  
Love is the mission of my life.*

In his own age and down to our times, Yunus Emre has provided spiritual guidance and aesthetic enjoyment. His poetry is replete with universal verities and values, and expresses the ecstasy of communion with nature and union with God. In his thought, the theme of union with God frequently appears as an incipient utopia. Also, his humanism includes, in Hegel's words, the "urging of the spirit outward— that desire on the part of man to become acquainted with his world." Yunus Emre goes beyond this urge, and aesthetically revels in the beauty of the world. He expresses the typical humanistic joy of life:

*This world is a young bride dressed in bright red and green;  
Look on and on, you can't have enough of that bride.*

Yunus Emre spurned book learning if it did not have humanistic relevance, because he believed in man's Godliness:

*If you don't identify Man as God,  
All your learning is of no use at all.*

In this sense, he was akin to Petrarch, also a 14th century poet, and to Erasmus, a century later, who, as a part of the classical or Renaissance humanism, shunned the dogmatism imposed on man by scholasticism, tried to instill in the average man a rejuvenated sense of the importance of his life on earth. Similar to Dante's work, Yunus Emre's poetry symbolized the ethical patterns of mortal life while depicting the higher values of immortal being. Yunus Emre also offered to the common man "the optimism of mysticism"—the conviction that human beings, sharing Godly attributes, are capable of transcending themselves.

Sufism with its theocentric humanism is pervasive in Yunus Emre's poetry. His theology consists of idées reçues since he was not an original thinker. He sought neither theological innovations nor philosophical contributions. He was content to utilize the available corpus of mystic thought and literature which had followed a long line of evolution with elements from Buddhist, Indian, Manichean mysticism, the Neo-Platonism of Plotinus, Christian mystic sects, the Jewish cabala, and the Moslem thinkers Mansur al-Hallaj, Ibn-Arabi, Al-Ghazali, Attar, Ahmed Yesevi, Rumi et al.

Mysticism is predicated upon a monistic view of divinity. Unlike the dogma, it holds that man is not only God's creation but also God's reflection. As Yunus Emre stated

*The image of the Godhead is a mirror;  
The man who looks sees his own face in there.*

Man is God's image, and yearns to return to God's reality from which man, as the image, has temporarily fallen apart. The agony of the mystic is separation from God. His is a sublime love which remains unrequited until he suffers so intensely in his spiritual exile that he reaches—finally—a blissful state of the submergence of his ego. Yunus Emre's poems voice the anguish:

*Burning, burning, I drift and tread.  
Love spattered my body with blood,  
I'm not in my senses nor mad,  
Come, see what love has done to me.*

The mystic search has three stages: Purification, Enlightenment, and Union. The mystic cannot hope to achieve union with God, the divine beloved, without relinquishing what Yunus Emre refers to as "crass selfhood." He describes the death of the ego in a striking couplet:

*He rides the horse of fury, holds the sword of might;  
He has devastated his selfhood, his hands are drenched in blood.*

Out of his tragic exile, the mystic can only escape by means of love. The return to God is possible not through the ravaging of the ego, nor through physical death, but through love which purifies and enlightens the soul. The mystic has no fear of death, because he believes in immortality by virtue of God's love. As Yunus expresses it:

*Death should give you no fear at all;  
Fear not, your life is eternal.*

The dogma claims that God, who created the earth and human beings, is outside of the world and unlike his creation. But the Sufi view holds that God is inclusive of the universe, there is no dichotomy between God and Man—nothing in the universe has existence independent of God, all is God's revelation or reflection. Mystic poetry is full of references to the fallacy of the orthodox concept of the "duality" which posits God and human beings as completely separate. The central doctrine of Sufism is "vahdet-i vücüt" (the unity of existence). Yunus Emre explicitly states this fundamental tenet:

*The universe is the oneness of Deity,  
The true man is he who knows this unity.  
You better seek Him in yourself,  
You and He aren't apart—you're one.*

The mystic thinks of God as "kemal-i mutlak" (absolute perfection) and as "cemal-i mutlak" (absolute beauty). Thus, for the mystic, spiritual attainment goes together with an aesthetic sense, an infatuation with divine and earthly beauty. God himself is conceived of as possessing "ask i zati" (self-love) and, in terms of one of the elements of the Sufi view of the world's creation, God was initially motivated to create the universe and man as a mirror in which he could see the images of his own perfect beauty. "God's revelation in man" and "the human being as a true reflection of God's beautiful images" are recurrent themes in Yunus Emre's poems:

*He is God Himself— human are His images.  
See for yourself: God is man, that is what He is.*

It is a duty for the mystic to love God, and to become, through love, the perfect man. This requires the achievement of self-knowledge. As Yunus stated it: "True science is self-knowledge." Lack of self-knowledge, in Yunus Emre's view, signifies a lowly existence:

*One should aim to acquire knowledge to know oneself:  
If you don't know yourself, you are worse than a beast.*

To know oneself is to know God. In Ludwig Feuerbach's words, "God is the highest subjectivity of man abstracted from himself. The essential predicates of divinity, such as personality and love, are simply the human qualities men evaluate most highly."

Who was Yunus Emre? This man who called himself "Yunus the lover," "Yunus the dervish"? Was he a "perfect man"? What manner of man? What was the life he led? About his life we know precious



little. What we do know tends to be legend rather than ascertainable fact. Internal references in his poems clarify very little in autobiographical terms; besides, some of them are misleading, some full of contradictions. They are mostly expressions of mystical views or poetic depictions of psychic vicissitudes. Yunus Emre's year of birth was probably 1241 and his year of death 1320 or 1321.

The controversy on the authenticity of some of the poems attributed to Yunus Emre is fruitless. In many cases, it proves impossible to determine that the poems belong to other specific poets. Furthermore, the verses held to be of dubious authenticity bear a striking resemblance, in content and style, to Yunus Emre's authenticated poems. We tend to accept as his all the poems attributed to him, even if this means the acknowledgment of Yunus Emre as a collective poetic entity rather than a single individual poet. Yunus Emre may be seen as the poetic embodiment of Anatolian Turkish Islamic humanism in the late 13th and early 14th centuries.

Tradition and legend depict Yunus Emre as a poor peasant. At a time of famine, he goes on the road in search of seeds in return for the wild pear he picks on the Anatolian steppes. While travelling in the hope of bartering his wild pear for grains and seeds, he happens to come to the "tekke" (congregation place) of Haci Bektas, the founder of the most latitudinarian sect of Anatolian Islam. Haci Bektas, a grand old man and a poet in his own right, asks Yunus if he would accept a "nefes" (a breath of blessing) in exchange for each handful of wild pear. Yunus refuses. Haci Bektas increases his offer: "We shall give you ten breaths of blessing for each handful." Yunus still refuses. Thereupon, Haci Bektas gives Yunus a sack full of grains. On his way back to his village, Yunus at first feels very happy, but then reconsiders the incident and realizes its moral significance: "Haci Bektas must be a great man," he ponders. "He is no doubt a man of noble spirit. Because a lesser person would have resented me for not accepting his blessing, and surely he would not have given me such a generous amount of grains." Realizing his

mistake, he rushes back and says: "Here's your sack of grains. Take it back and give me your blessing." But Haci Bektas replies: "I cannot, because we turned over your padlock to Taptuk Emre."

This means, in mystic parlance, that a spiritual guide has been appointed to the initiate who is to embark on the path of the search for God's truth. Yunus starts searching his guide, Taptuk Emre, another great Anatolian mystic, who, according to legend, originally came to Anatolia in the guise of a pigeon, but was nearly killed by fanatic traditionalists who appeared as eagles refusing to give him passage. Although wounded and bleeding, the bird of peace got by the cruel eagles, and was rescued by a peasant woman who showed compassion, healed the wounds, and set the bird in flight again. This is how Taptuk Emre's spirit, it is said, roamed from one end of Anatolia to the other. The symbolism of the legend also establishes the spiritual link between the mystic and the peasant of the Turkish countryside.

After a long and arduous search for his guide, Yunus Emre finally finds Taptuk Emre, and enters the congregation, where, for the proverbial forty years, he leads an ascetic, abstemious life. He toils, contemplates, seeks spiritual communion. One day, at a gathering of the faithful. Taptuk Emre asks a poet to say poems extemporaneously, but the poet fails. So Taptuk asks Yunus Emre to try: "What Haci Bektas once told you is at last a reality. Your padlock is now unlocked." Up to this point, Yunus had not been known to have composed poems. But obviously his poetic gifts were in a state of efflorescence throughout his long years of mystic contemplation. He breaks into poems, and the congregation becomes ecstatic. From that day on, Yunus is recognized as a great poet. The soulful man whose poems are eloquent, moving, pithy, profound, and compassionate turns into a legend throughout the land.

Another story— probably apocryphal— describes an encounter between Rumi and Yunus Emre. Yunus, the folk poet, is face to face with the elder poet-philosopher Rumi, about whom Yunus once wrote: "His magnificent vision is the mirror of our hearts." Rumi is

the author of the world-famous Mathnawi, called the Koran of Sufism, a masterpiece in about 26,000 couplets mainly about the doctrine that God is revealed by love in the mystic soul, in the pure man. According to the story, Yunus criticizes Rumi for the bulk of the Mathnawi and states that he would have expressed the same idea in two lines:

*I took shape in flesh and bones,  
And came into sight as Yunus.*

It is also said that Rumi admitted he would not have written his huge magnum opus if he were able to make such pithy statements. Another Anatolian legend claims that Rumi once paid the following tribute to Yunus Emre's stature as a mystic: "Whenever I arrived at a new spiritual height, there I found the footsteps left by that Turkish mystic—and I could never surpass him."

In the true tradition of the power that poetry wields over Turkish intellectual life, Yunus Emre soon becomes a force to contend with. Moslem dogmatists begin to regard him as a foe. According to a popular story whose authenticity cannot be determined, a traditionalist named Molla Kasim decides to destroy the transcriptions of Yunus Emre's poems. Getting hold of all of the poems, he sits on a river bank and starts tearing all the ones he finds heretical, and throws them into the river. After having destroyed about two thirds, he catches a glimpse of a poem whose last couplet has Yunus Emre's prediction about Molla Kasim. In the couplet, Yunus Emre warns himself:

*Dervish Yunus, utter no word that is not true:  
For a Molla Kasim will come to cross-examine you.*

When Molla Kasim reads this prediction, he realizes the greatness of Yunus, and he immediately stops destroying the poems. It is said that the poems which have come down to us are those that escaped destruction in this way, but, in the process, two

thirds of Yunus Emre's entire poetic output was presumably obliterated.

In Yunus Emre's poetry, a unitary vision of man and nature is dominant. His humanism seeks to enrich human existence and to ennoble it by liberating man from dogma and by placing him in a relationship of love with God. His view of love is creative and versatile:

*In God's world there are a hundred thousand kinds of love.*

Yunus Emre's poetry is intensely human in its sentiments and humane in its concern for all, particularly for the plight of deprived people. He was the first— and the most successful —poet in Turkish history to create the "aesthetics of ethics."

Much of his work is a testament to the equality of all humans. He expressed this idea in metaphoric terms:

*Water out of the same fountain  
Cannot be both bitter and sweet,*

As well as in straight hortatory statements:

*See all people as equals,  
See the humble as heroes.*

In an age when hostilities, rifts, and destruction were rampant, Yunus Emre was able to give expression to an all-embracing love of humanity and to his concepts of universal brotherhood which transcended all schisms and sects:

*For those who truly love God and his ways  
All the people of the world are brothers and sisters.*

Yunus Emre's view of mysticism is closely allied with the concept that all men are born of God's love and that they are therefore equal and worthy of peace on earth.

His plea for universal brotherhood is not unlike the "world citizenship" advocated by the ancient Stoics. His world-wide vision is related to the famous quatrain by Rumi who made a plea to all faiths for unity:

*Come, come again, whoever, whatever you may be, come;  
Heathen, fire-worshipper, sinful of idolatry, come.  
Come, even if you have broken your vows a hundred times;  
Ours is not the portal of despair or misery, come.*

Yunus Emre decried religious intolerance and dwelt on the "unity of humanity":

*We regard no one's religion as contrary to ours,  
True love is born when all faiths are united as a whole.*

Humanism upholds the ideal of the total community of mankind. Yunus Emre's humanist credo is also based on international understanding which transcends all ethnic, political and sectarian divisions:

*The man who doesn't see the nations of the world as one  
Is a rebel even if the pious claim he's holy.*

Love, in his terms, unifies the world and dispenses with differences to such an extent that Yunus Emre is able to state:

*I bear malice against no one,  
Even strangers are friends of mine.*

This mystic moral attitude has echoes from a hadith (tradition), a statement ascribed to the Prophet: "Bear no malice against one another, do not covet each other nor turn a cold shoulder to your fellow men. Vassals of God, be brothers."

*Mystic is what they call me,  
Hate is my only enemy;*

*I harbor a grudge against none.  
To me the whole wide world is one.*

Yunus Emre's concern for his fellow men is in the celebrated tradition of Terentius' dictum: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." (I am a man: Nothing human is alien to me.)

In Yunus Emre's view, service to society is the ultimate moral ideal and the individual can find his own highest good in working for the benefit of all. His exhortations call for decent treatment of deprived people:

*To look askance at the lowly is the wrong way  
and for social interdependence and charity:  
Toil, earn, eat, and give others your wages.  
Our first duty is good character and good deeds.  
Hand out to others what you earn,  
Do the poor people a good turn.*

Yunus Emre was not contented with simple gnomic statements about charity and philanthropy. He was not a prophet or visionary, not an ordinary dervish engaged in evangelical work nor an ascetic monk. Although his religious thinking was steeped in metaphysical abstractions and his poetry occasionally given to dithyrambic outbursts, he was a man of the people and for the people—a spokesman for social justice. He stood in the mainstream of the humanist tradition which, from the outset, has claimed the moral right to criticize the establishment and the powers that be. Unlike the literary humanism of the Renaissance, which was elitist, Yunus Emre's humanism was populist. He spoke out courageously against the oppression of underprivileged people by the rulers, land owners, wealthy men, officials, and religious leaders:

*Kindness of the lords ran its course,  
Now each one goes straddling a horse,  
They eat the flesh of the paupers,  
All they drink is the poor men's blood.*

He struck hard at the heartlessness of men in positions of power:

*The lords are wild with wealth and might,  
They ignore the poor people's plight;  
Immersed in selfhood which is blight,  
Their hearts are shorn of charity.*

Yunus Emre also lambasted the illegitimate acquisitions of hypocrites who pose as men of high morals:

*Hypocrites claim they never make a gain  
Through any means which might be illicit;  
The truth of it is: they only refrain  
When they are certain they cannot grab it.*

In poem after poem, he denigrated the orthodox views and the strict teachings of the pharisees:

*The preachers who usurp the Prophet's place  
Inflict distress and pain on the populace.*

Yunus Emre, despite his profound belief in the natural goodness of man, occasionally complained bitterly about the moral climate of his time: "Men of dark deeds are held in great esteem... The novice ferociously fights his master... Sons and mothers are locked in fierce combat..."

His most vehement criticisms are levelled at religious teachers and preachers who abuse the people and make a mockery of the fundamentals of the faith. Yunus Emre consistently rhapsodizes about the tenets of humanist ethics, a moral life based on love, and a poetic appreciation of God. He has no use whatever for the trappings of organized religion:

*True faith is in the head, not in the headgear.  
A single visit into the heart is  
Better than a hundred pilgrimages.*

The Moslem zealots, like the bigots of medieval Christianity, preached submission to God, denial of the human worth, and strict observance of religious practices. Yunus Emre and other mystics denigrated these views, which had as their concomitants an insistence on the hereafter with its Hell or Paradise and a preoccupation with the punishment that God inflicts. The dogma dwelt on the fear of a God of punishment (*mysterium tremendum*). The mystic felt the love of a God of mercy and compassion (*mysterium fascionum*), and sought to arrive at a sense of arete or virtue, the truly human kind of excellence. Yunus Emre's poems are full of the concept of the supremacy of love for true faith:

*For heaven's sake, what is faith or creed without love?  
The heart is where God's truth rests.  
The true lovers of God have no craving for Paradise.  
They strive beyond Paradise to arrive at His domain.*

Yunus Emre directs his scathing satire at bigots who offer narrow, superficial, and formalistic interpretations of Islam. He brings some orthodox views into sharp focus in a devastating poem.

*Heaven's bridge is sharper than a sword, thinner than hair.  
You know, I'd like to go on it and build houses right there.  
Way down below the bridge, raging with flames, crackles Hell's pit,  
I want to walk over to its shade and lie there a bit.  
Because I call your fire a shade, don't scold me, pharisees;  
May it please you, I think a little burning is a bliss.*

Himself posing as a hypocrite who projects devoutness and puts on airs of piety, Yunus Emre lampoons the clergy:

*In public I am pious, always seen with my prayer beads;  
My tongue affirms the ways of God, not that my heart accedes.  
They kiss my hands, they take my cap and cape for religion;  
They think I am the way I look, they think I commit no sin.*



Claiming that the true believer "has no hope of Paradise nor fear of Hell," the mystic poet is capable of taking even God himself to task:

*You set a scale to weigh deeds, for your aim  
Is to hurl me into Hell's crackling flame.  
You can see everything, you know me—fine;  
Then, why must you weigh all these deeds of mine?*

In poem after poem, he reminds the fanatics that love is supreme and stringent rules are futile:

*Yunus Emre says to you, pharisee,  
Make the holy pilgrimage if need be  
A thousand times—but if you ask me,  
The visit to a heart is best of all.*

Islam, as formulated by the Prophet, originally made no provisions for clergy. The religious establishment of Islam evolved in the generations after Mohammed. The mystic has no need for organized faith:

*Love is minister to us, our flock is the inmost soul,  
The Friend's face is our Mecca, our prayers are eternal.*

As far as the mystic is concerned, the adherents of strict religious laws miss the larger truths and the passions of faith:

*God's truth is an ocean and the dogma a ship,  
Most people don't leave the ship to plunge in that sea.*

He warns that worship is not enough, all the ablutions and obeisances will not wash away the sin of maltreatment, offense or exploitation committed against a good person:

*If you break a true believer's heart once,  
It's no prayer to God—this obeisance.*

Yunus Emre makes this moral caveat as a result of his firm belief in man's inherent value and dignity:

*Don't look on anyone as worthless, no one is worthless;  
It's not nice to seek out people's defects and deficiencies.*

He feels it is a humanitarian duty to be altruistic and charitable to all regardless of ethnic, national or religious background:

*Don't look down on anyone, never break a heart;  
The mystic must love all seventy-two nations.*

Yunus Emre reminded the cruel exploiters that their power is transitory, that they shall lose all their worldly possessions at death:

*Firm hands will lose their grip one day  
And tongues that talk will soon decay:  
The wealth you loved and stored away  
Will go to some inheritor.*

Yunus makes it clear that death equalizes all, rich and poor, mighty and meek. Looking at a cemetery, he says:

*These men were as rich as could be.  
This is what they have come to, see!  
They reached the end and had to wear  
The simple robe without the sleeves.  
Back in the past, these were the lords,  
At their doors they used to have guards:  
Come take a look, you can't tell now  
Who are the lords, who are the slaves.*

The mystic who spurns worldly possessions and political power knows that true glory is love:

*Let all the lovers rejoice:  
Love is the exalted state.*

Yunus Emre posits the belief that the common man attains to dominion by virtue of God's love:

*To Yunus God opened his door, Yunus made God this lessor;  
Mine is the enduring state; I was a slave, I became the Sultan.*

In Yunus Emre's theocentric humanism and religious supernaturalism, love is immortality. It has timeless continuity as an attribute of God. His poems make references to everlasting time as the Sufi's blissful destiny:

*Before I came into the world, my soul loved God.  
I was born with divine love.  
Love enables the mystic to escape mortality.  
In an eloquent line, Yunus Emre expresses  
the deathlessness of God's lovers:  
Death is for beasts, it's not the lover's destiny.*

His vision of life is *omnia vincit amor* (love conquers all). It is a sense of total love embracing all of life:

*Wherever I look I see God's face.*

It gives the mystic God-like powers:

*Earth is mine, sky is mine, Heavens are mine.*

The mystic, deified through love, claims eternal life:

*I am before, I am after.*

In Yunus Emre's work, there are occasional echoes of Mansur al-Hallaj, one of the greatest Islamic Sufis of all time, who was put to death for proclaiming "Ana 'l-Haqq" (I am God). Like Mansur, Yunus Emre announces that he has achieved divinity:

*Since the start of time I have been Mansur.  
I have become God Almighty, brother.*

This is not simply a sense of mystic participation in the Godhead, but a total immersion in Godliness, including the creative powers of divinity:

*I made the ground flat where it lies,  
on it I had those mountains rise,  
I designed the vault of the skies,  
for I hold all things in my sway.*

The unio mystica, the ultimate attainment of man's spirit, is the creation of absolute love in abstracto and in praxi, of total self-transcendence, which Yunus Emre expressed in some memorable lines:

*I love you in depths beyond my soul.  
There is an I — deeper in me than I.  
You are closer to us than ourselves.*

Yunus Emre also laid bare the pitiable state of those who are devoid of human and divine love:

*What I say to the loveless is an echo from a rock;  
He who has not one drop of love lives in the wilderness.*

It is love that gives the mystic the gift of immortality:

*I love you, so the hand of death can never touch me.  
If I am a lover, I can never die.*

Unlike Shakespeare's "love-devouring death," Yunus Emre has faith in death-devouring love. For him, love embodies man's divinization.

Seven centuries ago, Yunus Emre attained to the apogee of the intellectual and aesthetic tradition of Turkish humanism. He gave eloquent specimens of humanitarianism and universalism. He made a poetic plea for peace and the brotherhood of mankind— a

plea for humanism which is still supremely relevant in today's world convulsing with conflict and war:

*Come, let us all be friends for once,  
Let us make life easy on us,  
Let us be lovers and loved ones,  
The earth shall be left to no one.*





# Notes on Translation

Most of the translations featured in this volume are essentially conventional and faithful. They do not take liberties with form and content. No free versions of Yunus Emre's poems are included, although some of the translations omit the rhymes. The original stanzaic forms and the rhyme patterns have been retained. Most of the forms and rhyme patterns are quite strict and pose formidable problems for a translator who is determined to duplicate the original structures. Yunus Emre's poems, by and large, fall in two categories:

The "Gazel" (Lyric Ode) AA/BA/CA/DA/EA

The "Kosma" and its variations ABAB/CCCB/DDDB/EEEE'

There are many instances where Yunus Emre deviated from the stringency of the above forms. The translations use rhyme patterns identical to the original poems except for a handful of lines and one poem (with the recurring word "what then").

Yunus Emre's poems make heavy use of half rhymes, assonances, and weak rhymes. Most of the translations also utilize these devices. All of the poems remain untitled as they are in the original. Punctuation and capitalization, which do not exist in Yunus Emre's poems, conform to standard English use.

The poet's name-either in the form of Yunus Emre or simply Yunus appears in the last stanza of a majority of the poems. This has been conventional practice in classical, neo-classical, and folk poetry from the beginning down to our time. In most cases, the translations retain this functional signature.

Yunus Emre occasionally offers word-plays which may or may not be intentional. In some instances of double entendre, it has been possible to introduce both meanings to the translations. One example of this is the word "uçmak" which means "Paradise" as a noun and "to fly" as an infinitive. The English version combines both senses as follows: "I have no wish to fly to Paradise".

# YUNUS EMRE

## SELECTED POEMS



TRANSLATION & TRANSLITERATION





# One

God permeates the whole wide world,  
Yet His truth is revealed to none.  
You better seek Him in yourself,  
You and He aren't apart— you're one.

The other world lies beyond sight.  
Here on earth we must live upright.  
Exile is torment, pain, and blight.  
No one comes back once he is gone.

Come, let us all be friends for once,  
Let us make life easy on us,  
Let us be lovers and loved ones,  
The earth shall be left to no one.

To you, what Yunus says is clear,  
Its meaning is in your heart's ear:  
We should all live the good life here,  
Because nobody will live on.



Hak cihâna doludur  
Kimseler Hakk'ı bilmez  
Onu sen senden iste  
Ol senden ayrı olmaz

Ahret yavlak ıraktır  
Doğruluk key yarakdır  
Ayrılık sarp firaktır  
Hiç giden geri gelmez

Gelin tanış olalım  
İşi kolay kılalım  
Sevelim sevilelim  
Dünya kimseye kalmaz

Yunus sözün anlarsan  
Mânâsını dinlersen  
Sana iyi dirlik gerek  
Bunda kimseye kalmaz.

## Two

O God, if you would ever question me,  
This would be my outright answer to Thee:

True, I sinned— brutalized my own being,  
But what have I done against you, my King?

Did I make myself? I'm your creation.  
Why drench me in sin, Benevolent One?

I saw dungeons when I opened my eyes  
Teeming with devils, temptation and lies.

To shun death by hunger, many a time,  
In prison, I had to eat dirt and grime.

Did your dominion become any less?  
Did I usurp any of your prowess?

Are you hungry? Did I eat your ration?  
Did I deprive you, cause your starvation?

Do you still seek revenge though you killed me,  
Since I rotted, since darkest soil filled me.

You built me a bridge to cross, thin as hair;  
Out of your traps I'm to choose my own snare.

How can a man pass through a hair-thin bridge?  
He falls or clings on or flies off the ridge.

Your slaves build bridges for the public good,  
Those who pass through it head for the Godhead.

I wish its firm foundation will hold sway  
So those who cross it know it's the true way.

You set a scale to weigh deeds, for your aim  
Is to hurl me into Hell's crackling flame.

A scale is suitable for a grocer,  
For a small merchant or a jeweller.

Sin, though, is the vilest, filthiest vice,  
The profit of those unworthy of Grace.

You can see everything, you know me— fine;  
Then, why must you weigh all these deeds of mine?

No harm ever came from Yunus to you;  
Open, secret —all things are in your view.

God Almighty, why all this talk, why must  
We prattle about a handful of dust?



Yâ ilâhî ger sual etsen bana  
Bu durur anda cevabım uş sana

Ben bana zulm eyledim ettim günah  
N'eyledim n'ettim sana ey padişah

Ben mi düzdüm beni sen düzdün beni  
Pür ayıp nişe getirdin ey Ganî

Gözüm açıp gördüğüm zindan içi  
Nefs ü hevâ pür dolu şeytan içi

Haps içinde ölmeyeyim deyü aç  
Mismil ü murdar yedim bir iki kaç

Nesne eksildi mi mülkünden senin  
Geçti mi hükmüm ya hükmünden senin

Rızkını yiyip seni aç mı kodum  
Ya yiyip öynünü muhtaç mı kodum

Geçmedi mi intikamın öldürüp  
Çürütüp gözümü toprak doldurup

Kıl gibi köprü yaparsın geç deyü  
Sen seni gel dûzahımdan seç deyü

Kıl gibi köprüden âdem mi geçer  
Ya düşer ya dayanır yahud uçar

Kulların köprü yaparlar hayr için  
Hayrı budur kim geçeler seyr için

Tâ gerek bünyâdı muhkem ola ol  
Ol geçenler eydeler uş doğru yol

Terzi kurarsın hevâset dartmağa  
Kasd idersin beni oda atmağa

Terezî ana gerek bakkal ola  
Yâ bezirgân tâcir ü attar ola

Çün günah murdarların murdarıdur  
Hazretinden yaramazlar kârıdur

Sen basırsın hod bilürsün hâlimi  
Pes ne hâcet dartsın âmâlimi

Değmedi hiç Yunus'dan sana ziyan  
Sen bilürsün âşikâre vü nihan

Bir avuç toprağa bunca kıyl ü kal  
Neye gerek iy kerim-i zül-celâl

## Three

I am before, I am after—  
The soul for all souls all the way.  
I'm the one with a helping hand  
Ready for those gone wild, astray.

I made the ground flat where it lies,  
On it I had those mountains rise,  
I designed the vault of the skies,  
For I hold all things in my sway.

To countless lovers I have been  
A guide for faith and religion.  
I am sacrilege in man's hearts  
Also the true faith and Islam's way.

I make men love peace and unite;  
Putting down the black words on white,  
I wrote the four holy books right  
I'm the Koran for those who pray.

It's not Yunus who says all this:  
It speaks its own realities:  
To doubt this would be blasphemous:  
"I'm before— I'm after," I say.





Evvel benem ahir benem  
Canlara can olan benem  
Azup yolda kalmışlara  
Hâzır meded iren benem

Düş döşedüm bu yerleri  
Çöksü urdum bu dağları  
Sayvân eyledüm gökleri  
Girü dutup duran benem

Dahı aceb âşıkları  
Ikrâr u din iman oldum  
Halkun gönlinde küfrile  
İslâmıla iman benem

Halk içinde dirlik düzen  
Bu üstine kara dizen  
Dört kitabı toğru yazan  
Ol yazılan Kur'an benem

Yunus değül bunu diyen  
Kendülüğidir söyleyen  
Kâfir olur inanmayan  
Evrel âhir heman benem

## Four

Knowledge should mean a full grasp of knowledge  
Knowledge means to know yourself, heart and soul.  
If you have failed to understand yourself,  
Then all of your reading has missed its call.

What is the purpose of reading those books?  
So that Man can know the All-Powerful.  
If you have read, but failed to understand,  
Then your efforts are just a barren toil.

Don't boast of reading, mastering science  
Or of all your prayers and obeisance.  
If you don't identify Man as God,  
All your learning is of no use at all.

The true meaning of the four holy books  
Is found in the alphabet's first letter.  
You talk about that first letter, preacher;  
What is the meaning of that— could you tell?

Yunus Emre says to you, pharisee,  
Make the holy pilgrimage if need be  
A thousand times— but if you ask me,  
The visit to a heart is best of all.



İlim ilim bilmektir  
İlim kendin bilmektir  
Sen kendini bilmezsın  
Ya nice okumaktır

Okumaktan mânâ ne  
Kişi Hakk'ı bilmektir  
Çün okudun bilmezsın  
Ha bir kuru emektir

Okudum bildim deme  
Çok tâat kıldım deme  
Eri Hak bilmez isen  
Abes yere yelmektir

Dört kitabın manası  
Bellidir bir elifde  
Sen elifi bilmezsın  
Bu nice okumaktır

Yunus Emre der hoca  
Gerekse var bin hacca  
Hepisinden eyice  
Bir gönüle girmektir

## Five

Your love has wrested me away from me,  
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.  
Day and night I burn, gripped by agony,  
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

I find no great joy in being alive,  
If I cease to exist, I would not grieve,  
The only solace I have is your love,  
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Lovers yearn for you, but your love slays them,  
At the bottom of the sea it lays them,  
It has God's images —it displays them;  
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Let me drink the wine of love sip by sip,  
Like Majnun, live in the hills in hardship,  
Day and night, care for you holds me in its grip,  
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Even if, at the end, they make me die  
And scatter my ashes up to the sky,  
My pit would break into this outcry:  
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

"Yunus Emre the Mystic" is my name,  
Each passing day fans and rouses my flame,  
What I desire in both worlds is the same:  
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave



Aşkın aldı benden beni  
Bana seni gerek seni  
Ben yanarım dün ü günü  
Bana seni gerek seni

Ne varlığa sevinirim  
Ne yokluğa yerinirim  
Aşkın ile avunurum  
Bana seni gerek seni

Aşkın âşıklar öldürür  
Aşk denizine daldırır  
Teselli ile doldurur  
Bana seni gerek seni

Aşkın şarabından içem  
Mecnun olup dağa düşem  
Sensin dün ü gün endişem  
Bana seni gerek seni

Eğer beni öldüreler  
Külüm göğe savuralar  
Toprağım orda çağıra  
Bana seni gerek seni

Yunus'durur benim adım  
Gün geçtikçe artar odum  
İki cihanda maksûdum  
Bana seni gerek seni

## Six

In case my Friend does not return to me,  
Then let me return to the Friend's embrace;  
I'm willing to suffer pain and torture  
If that is how I can see the Friend's face.

A handful of dust was my stock in trade,  
And love took even that away from me:  
Now I have no capital left nor shop.  
What use is going to the market place?

The Friend has His nice shop, neatly set up;  
Cheerfully He walks around in that shop.  
But my heart cringes, my sins are countless;  
Humbly I must go implore the Friend's grace.

My heart declares: "The Friend belongs to me."  
My eye declares: "The Friend belongs to me."  
My heart urges my eye to have patience,  
Yearning to receive news, to keep pace.

We must accept those who have looked at God  
As sharing God's life, as one and the same.  
If a person has received the blessing  
Of God's vision, he is beyond disgrace.



Ol dost bize gelmez ise  
Ben dosta girü varayın  
Çekeyin cevır ü cefâyı  
Dost yüzün görüvireyin

Sermaye bir avuç toprak  
Anı dahı aldı bu aşk  
Ne sermaye var ne dükkân  
Bazara neye varayın

Kurılmışdur dost dükkânı  
Dost içine girmiş gezer  
Günahum çok gönlüm sizer  
Ben dosta çok yalvarayın

Gönlüm eydür dost benümdür  
Gözüm eydür dost benümdür  
Gönlüm eydür göze sabır it  
Bir dem haberin sorayın

Hak nazar kılduğı cana  
Bir göz ile bakmak gerek  
Ana kim ol nazar kıla  
Ben anı nice yireyin

## Sever

We have no knowledge of whose turn has come  
While Death roams about freely among us:  
Dashing through men's lives as His own orchard,  
He plucks and strips anyone He chooses.

He crushes people, leaves them with backs bent,  
And makes multitudes shed tears of lament.  
He plunders estates to His heart's content,  
Routs men with all His might till Life oozes.

Before the heroes grow old and decrepit,  
Death strikes and lowers them into the pit  
Without any forewarning about it.  
With gleaming eyes, Death enjoys His ruses.





Hiç bilmezem kezek kimün  
Aramuzda gezer ölüm  
Halkı bostan idinmişdür  
Diledüğün üzer ölüm

Bir nicenün belin бүker  
Bir nicenün yaşın döker  
Bir nicenün mülkin yıkar  
Var gücini üzer ölüm

Yiğidi koca olunca  
Komaz kendüyi bilince  
Birini koyup gülince  
Gözlerini süzer ölüm

# *Fight*

While I was roaming the wide world  
I came upon nations in graves:  
The mighty and the meek lay there—  
Among them awe-inspiring braves.

Some were old men, some young heroes:  
Viziers, teachers— everyone goes;  
Their days now caught in the night's throes,  
Here they lie with death's other slaves.

The path they took was always straight;  
Pen in hand, they knew how to write;  
Their tongues, like nightingales, sang right;  
Buried they lie— sages and braves.

Mighty and low, everyone cried  
When these heroic leaders died;  
A broken bow at each graveside—  
Gallant men fell like stray arrows.

Their horses unfurled a dust cloud,  
Drummers marched by them, beating loud,  
Their might had done land and sea proud;  
Noble lords now lie in death's caves.



Yer yüzünde gezer idim  
Uğradım milketler yatur  
Kimi ulu kimi kiçi  
Key kuşağı berkler yatur

Kimi yiğit kimi koca  
Kimi vezir kimi hoca  
Gündüzleri olmuş gece  
Bunculayın çoklar yatur

Doğru varırdı yolları  
Kalem tutardı elleri  
Bülbüle benzer dilleri  
Danışman yiğitler yatur

Ulu kiçi ağlaşmışlar  
Server yigitler düşmüşler  
Baş ucunda yay sımışlar  
Kırıluban oklar yatur

Atlar izi tozulu  
Önleri tabıl-bazulu  
İle güne hükmü yaz(ı)lı  
Şu muhteşem beğler yatur

## Nine

Hear me out, my dear friends,  
Love resembles the sun.  
The heart that feels no love  
Is none other than stone.

What can grow on stone hearts?  
Though the tongue softly starts,  
Words of venom fume, rage,  
And turn in to war soon.

When in love, the soul burns,  
Melts like wax as it churns.  
Stone hearts are like winter—  
Dark, harsh, with all warmth gone.

Yunus, leave such fears behind,  
Drive all care out of your mind.  
Love is what one must first find:  
One's a mystic from then on.



İşidin ey yarenler  
Aşk bir güneşe benzer  
Aşk olmayan gönül  
Misâl-i taşa benzer

Taş gönülde ne biter  
Dilinde ağı tüter  
Niçe yumşak söylese  
Sözü savaşa benzer

Aşk var gönül yanar  
Yumşanur muma döner  
Taş gönüller kararmış  
Sarp katı kışa benzer

Geç Yunus endişeden  
Gerekse be bîşeden  
Ere aşk gerek önden  
Ondan dervişe benzer

*Ter*

Men of God's truth are an ocean,  
Lovers must plunge into that sea;  
The sages, too, should take a dive  
To bring out the best jewelry.

We have turned into the Wise Men  
To find pearls in the depths again;  
Only the jeweller would know  
How valuable those pearls might be.

Mohammed came to perceive God,  
And saw God's truth in his selfhood.  
Providence exists everywhere  
So long as there are eyes to see.

Books are composed by the sages  
Who put black words on white pages;  
My sacred book's chapters are all  
Written in hearts that love truly.



Erenler bir denizdür  
Âşık gerek dalası  
Bahri gerek denizden  
Girüp gevher alası

Gine biz bahri olduk  
Denizden gevher aldık  
Sarraf gerek gevherün  
Kıymetini bileşi

Muhammed Hakk'ı bildi  
Hakk'ı kendüde gördi  
Cümle yerde Hak hâzır  
Göz gerekdür göresi

Âlimler kitab düzer  
Karayı aka yazar  
Gönüllerde yazılır  
Bu kitabun sûresi

## *Flewer*

If I rub my face on the ground.  
My new moon would rise in the skies,  
Winter and summer become spring.  
To me all days are holidays.

Let no cloud cast a tall shadow  
On the gleaming light of my moon  
Whose fulness must never grow dim:  
From earth to sky its glimmer sprays.

From the heart's solitary cell  
Its glitter drives out the darkness.  
How could that gloom be squeezed into  
The same cell with the piercing rays?

I see my moon right here on earth,  
What would I do with all the skies?  
Rains of mercy pour down on me  
From this ground where I fix my gaze.

What if Yunus is a lover?  
Many are the lovers of God.  
Yunus, too, bows his head, because  
The lovers of God are ablaze.





Bu dem yüzüm süreduram  
Her dem ayum yeni toğar  
Her dem bayramdurur bana  
Yayum kışum yenibahar

Benüm ayum ışığına  
Bulutlar gölge kılmaya  
Hiç gedilmez toluluğı  
Nûrı yirden göğе ağar

Anun nûrı karanuyı  
Sürer gönül hücreinden  
Pes karanulık nûrıla  
Bir hücreye nite sığar

Ben ayumı yirde gördüm  
Ne isterem gökyüzinde  
Benüm yüzüm yirde gerek  
Bana rahmet yirden yağar

N'ola Yunus sevdियise  
Çoktur Hakk'ı seviciler  
Sevenleri köyer didi  
Anunıçun boyun eğe

## Twelve

Dear Friend, let me plunge in the sea of love,  
Let me sink into that sea and walk on.  
Let both worlds become my sphere where I can  
Delight in the mystic glee and walk on.

Let me become the nightingale that sings—  
A soul freed from the dead body's yearnings;  
Let me bury my head in my two hands,  
Take the path to unity and walk on.

Thank heaven, I saw the Friend's lovely face  
And drank the wine of the lover's embrace.  
It severs me from you— it's a disgrace—  
I'll abandon this city and walk on.

Yunus drifts in the throes of love's torture;  
Of all woes, his is the worst to endure.  
For my distress only you hold the cure,  
I'll ask for that remedy and walk on.



İy dost aşkun denizine  
Girem gark olam yürüyem  
İki cihan meydan ola  
Devranum sürem yürüyem

Bülbül olubanı ötem  
Gönül olam canlar utam  
Başımı elüme alıp  
Yolına varam yürüyem

şükür gördüm didarını  
Aşdum visâlün yârını  
Bu benlik senlik şarını  
Terkini uram yürüyem

Yunus'dur aşk âvâresi  
Biçareler biçaresi  
Sendedür derdüm çaresi  
Dermanum soram yürüyem

## Thirteen

I used to yearn for God;  
If I found Him, what then?  
Day and night I shed tears;  
If I laugh now, what then?

I was a ball rolling  
On the holy men's field;  
Now I am a bat on  
The sultan's course, what then?

A bunch of red roses  
At the sages' parley,  
I bloomed, grew ripe and big;  
If I wilted, what then?

Scholars and learned men  
Found it in pious schools;  
I found the vital truth  
In the tavern, what then?



İsteridüm Allah'ı  
Buldumısa ne oldu  
Ağlarıdum dün ü gün  
Güldümise ne oldu

Erenler meydanında  
Yuvarlanur tup idüm  
Padişah çevgânında  
Kaldumısa ne oldu

Erenler sohbetinde  
Deste kızıl gül idüm  
Açıldum ele geldüm  
Soldumısa ne oldu

Alimler ulemalar  
Medresede buldıysa  
Ben harâbat içinde  
Buldumısa ne oldu

## Fourteen

It's the true man who leads the mystic life—  
Whoever is human, whoever dares.  
Those who stand high and look below with scorn  
Are bound to fall from the top of the stairs.

Though a gray-bearded old man might look grand,  
There is so much he doesn't understand,  
Let him not struggle towards the Holy Land  
If he causes one heart to burn in tears.

A deaf man cannot hear what people say,  
He thinks it's night when it's brightest day,  
The atheist's eyes are blind to God's way  
Even though the whole world glitters and glares.

The lover's heart is the Creator's throne,  
God admires and accepts it as his own,  
The man who breaks a heart shall groan and moan  
In both worlds, suffering sorrows and cares.

You have a self-image in your own eyes,  
Be sure to see others in the same guise.  
Each of the four holy books clarifies  
This truth as it applies to man's affairs.

We have seen it all: Those who came are gone.  
Those who once stopped here went back one by one;  
He must have gulped love's wine if anyone  
Feels the reality that God's truth bares



Miskinlikte buldular  
Kimde erlik var ise  
Merdivenden ittiler  
Yüksekte bakar ise

Ak sakallu pir hoca  
Bilinmez hâli nice  
Emek yimesün hacca  
Bir gönül yıkar ise

Sağır işitmez sözü  
Gece sanır gündüzü  
Kördür münkirin gözü  
Âlem münevver ise

Gönül Çalab'ın tahtı  
Gönüle Çalab baktı  
İki cihan bedbahtı  
Kim gönül yıkar ise

Sen sana ne sanırsan  
Ayrığa da onu san  
Dört kitabın mânâsı  
Budur eğer var ise

Bildik gelenler geçmiş  
Konanlar geri göçmüş  
Aşk şarabından içmiş  
Kim mânâ duyar is

## Fifteen

All people in the whole world adore Him whom we adore;  
How could we deny entry, it's a road or open door?

Whatever, whomever we love, our Loved One also loves;  
Can the friend of our Friend have something to doubt or abhor?

If you are a true lover, befriend the friend of the Friend;  
You would be unfair to your Friend if you stay as you are.

If you truly love, sacrifice yourself to all nations  
So that you may be seen as faithful by the lovers' corps.

If you are God's true lover, He will open doors for you;  
Give up your pride and tear down your crass selfhood to the core.

Leader and led, meek and rebel, they are all slaves of God;  
How can you say to a man: "Leave your house, come out of there."

The fact Yunus knows is a word from a hidden treasure:  
The Friend's lovers pay no heed to this world or the other.





Biz kime âşıksavuz âlemler ana âşık  
Kime değül diyelüm bir kapudur bir tarik

Biz neyi seversevüz maşûka anı sever  
Dostumuzun dostına yad endişe ne lâyık

Sen gerçek âşıkısan dostun dostına dost ol  
Bu halde kalurısan dosta değül yaraşık

Yetmiş iki millete kurban ol âşıkısan  
Tâ âşıklar safında tamam olasın sadık

Sen Hakk'a âşıkısan Hak sana kapu açar  
Ko seni beğenmeği varlık evini bir yık

Hâs u âm mutî asi dost kulıdur cümlesi  
Kime eydibilesin gel evünden taşra çık

Yunus'un bu dânişi genc-i nihan sözidür  
Dosta âşık olanlar iki cihandan fârik

## Sixteen

My fleeting life has come and gone—  
A wind that blows and passes by.  
I feel it has been all too brief,  
Just like the blinking of an eye.

To this true word God will attest:  
The Spirit is the Body's guest,  
Someday it will vacate the breast  
As birds, freed from their cages, fly.

Life, my good man, can be likened  
To the land that the farmer sows:  
Lying scattered all over the soil,  
Some of the seeds sprout, but some die.

If you visit and give water  
To a sick man who needs care,  
With God's wine, he shall hail you there  
One day when you soar to the sky.



Geldi geçti ömrüm benim  
şol yel esip geçmiş gibi  
Hele bana şöyle geldi  
şol göz yumup açmış gibi

İşbu söze Hak tanıktır  
Bu can gövdeye konuktur  
Bir gün ola çıka gide  
Kafesten kuş uçmuş gibi

Miskin âdem oğlanını  
Benzetmişler ekinciye  
Kimi biter kimi yiter  
Yere tohum saçmış gibi

Bir hastaya vardın ise  
Bir içim su verdin ise  
Yarın orda karşı gele  
Hak şarabın içmiş gibi

## Seventeen

Split my heart, go on, split;  
See all the things in it.  
There are those who mock us  
Among this populace.

This road is full of traps:  
It's too long, with huge laps;  
Blocks on it leave no gaps;  
It leads to deep waters.

On this road we depart  
With true love in each heart,  
But they set us apart—  
Now our exile tortures.

Let those who really dare  
Step into the ring where  
The champions don't care  
If life ends or endures.

Yunus feels no craving  
To step into that ring  
Where the real heroes bring  
Before us their full force.



Yar y re   m yar  
G r ki neler var  
Bu halk i inde  
Bize g ler var

Bu yol uzakdur  
Menzili  okdur  
Ge idi yokdur  
Derin sular var

Gird k bu yola  
I k la bile  
Gurbetlik ile  
Bizi salar var

Her kim merd ne  
Gels n meydana  
Kalmasun cana  
Kimde h ner var

Yunus sen bunda  
Meydan isteme  
Meydan i inde  
Merd neler var

## *Eighteen*

I wonder— is anyone here  
A stranger as forlorn as I?  
His heart wounded, his eyes tearful—  
A stranger as forlorn as I?

Let no one be lonesome like me  
Or writhe in exile's agony.  
Teacher, I hope no one will be  
A stranger as forlorn as I.

They'll say, "He's dead, that sad stranger."  
Hearing of it three days later,  
They'll wash my corpse in cold water—  
A stranger as forlorn as I.

Yunus gets no help nor pity.  
No cure for his calamity,  
Drifting from city to city—  
A stranger as forlorn as I.



Aceb řu yerde var m'ola  
řöyle garib bencileyin  
Bağrı bařlı gözü yařlı  
řöyle garib bencileyin

Kimseler garib olmasın  
Hasret oduna yanmasın  
Hocam kimseler olmasın  
řöyle garib bencileyin

Bir garib ölmüş diyeler  
Üç günden sonra duyalar  
Soğuk su ile yuyalar  
řöyle garib bencileyin

Hey Emrem Yunus biçare  
Bulunmaz derdine çare  
Var imdi gez řardan řara  
řöyle garib bencileyin

## Nineteen

If you break a true believer's heart once,  
It's no prayer to God— this obeisance,  
All of the world's seventy-two nations  
Cannot wash the dirt off your hands and face.

There are the sages— they have come and gone.  
Leaving their world behind them, they moved on.  
They flapped their wings and flew to the True One,  
Not like geese, but as birds of Paradise.

The true road doesn't ever run awry,  
The real hero scoffs at clambering high,  
The eye that can see God is the true eye,  
Not the eye that stares from a lofty place.

If you followed the never-swerving road,  
If you held a hero's hand as he strode,  
If doing good deeds was your moral code,  
You shall get a thousand to one, no less.

These are the moving facts that Yunus tells,  
Where his blend of butter and honey jells,  
Not salt, but jewelry is what he sells—  
These goods he hands out to the populace.





Bir kez gönöl yıkdın ise  
Bu kıldığın namaz değil  
Yetmiş iki millet dahi  
Elin yüzün yumaz değil

Hani erenler geldi geçdi  
Bunlar yardu kaldı göçdü  
Pervaz urup Hakk'a uçdu  
Hümâ kuşudur kaz değil

Yol oldur ki doğru vara  
Er oldur alçakda dura  
Göz oldur ki Hakk'ı göre  
Yüceden bakan göz değil

Doğru yola gittin ise  
Er eteğin tuttun ise  
Bir hayır da ettin ise  
Birine bindir az değil

Yunus bu sözleri çatar  
Sanki balı yağa katar  
Halka metâların satar  
Yükü cevherherdir tuz değil

## Twenty

Go and let it be known to all lovers:  
I am the man who gave his heart to love.  
I turn into a wild duck of passion,  
I am the one who takes the swiftest dive.

From the waves of the sea I take water  
And offer it all the way to the skies.  
In adoration, like a cloud, I soar—  
I am the one who flies to heavens above.

He who says he sees, doesn't, though he vows;  
That man doesn't know if he claims he knows.  
He alone is the One who knows and shows.  
I am the man who has become love's slave.

For true lovers, this land is Paradise;  
Those who know find mansions and palaces;  
Wonder-struck and adoring like Moses,  
I remain on Mount Sinai where I thrive.

Yunus is my name, I'm out of my mind.  
Love serves as my guide to the very end.  
All alone, toward the majestic  
Friend I walk kissing the ground— and I arrive.



Haber eylen âşıklara  
Aşka gönül veren benem  
Aşk bahrisi olubanı  
Denizlere dalan benem

Deniz yüzünden su alıp  
Sunuverirem göklere  
Bulutlayın seyran edip  
Arşa yakın varan benem

Gördüm diyen değil gören  
Bildim diyen değil bilen  
Bilen oldur gösteren ol  
Aşka yesir olan benem

Sekiz uçmak âşıklara  
Köşk ü saraydır bilene  
Musileyin hayran olup  
Tur dağında kalan benem

Deli oldum adım Yunus  
Aşk oldu bana kılavuz  
Hazrete değin yalnız  
Yüz sürüyü varan benem

## Twenty One

Burning, burning, I drift and tread.  
Love spattered my body with blood.  
I'm not in my senses nor mad,  
Come, see what love has done to me.

Now and then like the winds I blow,  
Now and then like the roads I go,  
Now and then like the floods I flow,  
Come, see what love has done to me.

Hold my hand, lift me from this place  
Or take me into your embrace...  
You made me weep, make me rejoice,  
Come, see what love has done to me.

Searching, I roam from land to land,  
In all tongues I ask for the Friend.  
Who knows my plight where love is banned?  
Come, see what love has done to me.

Lovelorn, I tread; madly I scream.  
My loved one is my only dream;  
I wake and plunge into deep gloom.  
Come, see what love has done to me.

I'm Yunus, mystic of sorrow,  
Suffering wounds from top to toe;  
In the Friend's hands I writhe in woe.  
Come, see what love has done to me.



Ben yürürüm yana yana  
Aşk boyadı beni kana  
Ne âkilem ne divane  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Geh eserim yeller gibi  
Geh tozarım yollar gibi  
Geh akarım seller gibi  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Ya elim al kaldır beni  
Ya vaslına erdir beni  
Çok ağlattın güldür beni  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Ben yürürüm ilden ile  
şeyh anarım dilden dile  
Gurbette hâlim kim bile  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Mecnun oluban yürürüm  
Ol yâri düşte görürüm  
Uyanıp melûl olurum  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Miskin Yunus biçareyim  
Baştan ayağa yâreyim  
Dost ilinden âvâreyim  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

## Twenty Two

Why and for how long will you keep feeding  
This tall, this overgrown body of yours?  
You probably forgot there is Doomsday,

For you steep yourself in worldly pleasures.  
Toil, earn, eat, and give others your wages;  
Put your soul in the hands of the sages.  
A single visit into the heart is  
Better than a hundred pilgrimages.

He who sells the public his lies and shame  
Has no wisdom; he is fit for bedlam.  
Let him turn himself into a Moslem  
If he commands any magic powers.



Niçe bir besleyesin  
Bu kaddile kameti  
Düştün dünya zevkine  
Unuttun kıyameti

Düriş kazan ye yedir  
Bir gönül ele getir  
Yüz Kâbe'den yeğrekdir  
Bir gönül ziyareti

Uslu değil delidir  
Halka sâlûsluk satan  
Nefsin müslüman etsin  
Var ise kerameti

## Twenty Three

Now hear this, lovers, my friends:  
Love is a precious thing;  
It doesn't grace everyone.  
Love is a decorous thing.

It makes ash heaps out of hills,  
Into hearts it blazes trails,  
Turns sultans into vassals—  
Love is a courageous thing.

The man struck by love's arrow  
First feels no pain nor sorrow,  
But then weeps and screams with woe:  
Love is a torturous thing.

It makes the seas rage and boil,  
Throws huge waves into turmoil,  
And makes rocks speak from the soil:  
Love is a vigorous thing.

Mystic Yunus is helpless;  
No one fells for his distress.  
His feast is the Friends's caress:  
Love is a delicious thing.





İşidin ey yârenler  
Kıymetli nesnedir aşk  
Değmelere bitinmez  
Hürmetli nesnedir aşk

Dağa düşer kül eyler  
Gönüllere yol eyler  
Sultanları kul eyler  
Hikmetli nesnedir aşk

Kime kim vurdu ok  
Gussa ile kaygu yok  
Feryad ile âhı çok  
Firkatli nesnedir aşk

Denizleri kaynatır  
Mevce gelir oynatır  
Kayaları söyletir  
Kuvvetli nesnedir aşk

Miskin Yunus neylesin  
Derdin kime söylesin  
Varsın dostu toylasın  
Lezzetli nesnedir aşk

## Twenty Four

Life of mine, you led me astray;  
What shall I do with you, my life?  
You left me paralyzed this way;  
What shall I do with you, my life?

You were all I was and had, all:  
You were the soul within my soul.  
My Sultan, I was in your thrall.  
What shall I do with you, my life?

With your joys my heart used to glow,  
Like mountain flowers, row on row...  
I used to weep, gripped by sorrow.  
What shall I do with you, my life?

After coming here, the soul flies;  
Affairs of the world are all lies.  
Whoever squanders his life, cries.  
What shall I do with you, my life?

My deeds are written, good and bad;  
Nearing my life's end, I am sad;  
The face wrecks the features it had.  
What shall I do with you, my life?



I wish you would not grab and run  
Nor be the nomad who moves on.  
I wish you would not drink death's wine.  
What shall I do with you, my life?

I'll be left without you some day;  
Bird and beast will eat me away;  
I'll turn to dust as I decay.  
What shall I do with you, my life?

Dervish Yunus, you know, don't you,  
Or don't they come into your view?  
Remember those whose lives are through?  
What shall I do with you, my life?



Ömrüm beni sen aldadın  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni  
Beni deprenimez kodun  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

Benim derdim hey sen idin  
Canım içinde can idin  
Hem sen bana sultan idin  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

Gönlüm sana eğler idim  
Gül deyüben yiyler idim  
Garipseyip ağlar idim  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

Gider imiş bunda gelen  
Dünya işi cümle yalan  
Ağlar ömrüm yavı kılan  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

Hayrım şerrim yazılısar  
Ömrüm ipi üzüliser  
Gidip suret bozulisar  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

Bari koyuban kaçmasan  
Göçgüncü gibi geçmesen  
Ölüm şarabın içmesen  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

Bir gün ola sensiz kalam  
Kurda kuşa öyün olam  
Çürüyüben toprak olam  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

Miskin Yunus bilmez misin  
Yoksa nazar kılmaz mısın  
Ölenleri anmaz mısın  
Ah n'ideyim ömrüm seni

## Twenty Five

Whoever receives the gift of the dervish state  
Is cleansed, rid of counterfeit, gets his silver-plate.

He's that tree whose breath oozes musk and ambergris,  
From whose branches, city and country get their fruit.

Those who are suffering find their cure in its leaves;  
In its shadow so many good deeds are afoot.

A lake is born of the teardrops of the lover;  
Reeds and bushes sprout and blossom at that tree's feet.

Poets are the nightingales in the Friend's garden;  
Yunus Emre is the singing partridge in it.



Herkime kim dervişlik bağışlana  
Kalpı gide pâk ola gümüşlene

Nefesinden miskile anber düte  
Budağından il ü şar yimişlene

Yaprağı hem dertlüye derman ola  
Gölgesinde çok hayırlar işlene

Âşıkun gözi yaşı hem göl ova  
Ayağından saz bitüp kamışlana

Cümle şair dost bağçesi bülbüli  
Yunus Emre orada dürraçlana

## Twenty Six

I climbed to the branches of a plum tree,  
And I helped myself to the grapes up there.  
The owner of the orchard scolded me:  
"What are you devouring my walnuts for?"

He made me into a thief—that was wrong;  
So, in turn, I hurled slanders at him too—  
And the peddler asked when he came along:  
"You were to marry my daughter, weren't you?"

I dumped sun-baked mud into the cauldron  
And boiled it together with the North Wind.  
"What on earth could this thing be?" asked someone;  
Dipping the grapes I put them in his hand.

To the weaver at the loom, I gave thread  
Which he chose not to wind into a ball;  
To get the fabric orders out, he sped—  
Those who want can now come and get it all.

I snatched one of the wings of a sparrow  
And loaded it on to forty ox-carts.  
Even forty spans failed to pull it, though;  
So the sparrow's wing got stuck in these parts.



A fly caught an eagle, lifted it high—  
And smack onto the ground, a thumping thrust.  
What I tell you is the truth, not a lie:  
With my own eyes I saw the rising dust.

I had a wrestling match with a cripple—  
With no hands, he grappled me by my legs;  
I struggled, but couldn't make a ripple.  
He burnt me inside out, down to my dregs.

From the mythic mountain that girds the world  
Down came on the road a rock aimed at me;  
I was nearly struck by the stone they hurled;  
It might have turned my face topsy-turvy.

The fish, it turns out, climbed the poplar tree  
To gobble the pickles of tar up there.  
The stork gave birth to a baby donkey;  
You better get the meaning, don't just stare.

To the blind, I gave signals with my hand;  
Whatever I whispered, the deaf man heard.  
The dumb broke into speech, called me out and  
Repeated with me every single word.

I held an ox tight, with all my power,  
I strangled it, threw it on the ground, loose;  
Then the owner of the ox rushed over,  
Saying, "That neck you just broke, that's my goose!"

I got stuck again, couldn't get away;  
Just didn't know what to do--how could I?  
Then another peddler popped up to say,  
"Why is it that you have plucked out my eye?"

I came upon a turtle on the way—  
I had an eyeless serpent for comrade.  
"I'll ask you where you're heading, if I may?"  
"We hope to reach Caesarea," they said.

These are the words that Yunus had to say,  
His resembles no other utterance;  
To keep it out of the hypocrites' way  
He has put the veil on the face of sense.



kdim erik dalına  
Anda yidüm üzümü  
Bostan ıssı kakıyup  
Dir ne yirsın kozumı

Agrılık yaptı bana  
Bühtan eyledim ana  
Çerçi de geldi eydür  
Kanı aldın kızumı

Kerpiç koydum kazana  
Poyrazıla kaynatdum  
Nedür diyü sorana  
Bandum virdüm özüni

İplik virdüm çulhaya  
Sarup yumak itmemiş  
Becid becid ısmarlar  
Gelsün alsun bezini

Bir serçenin kanadın  
Kırk katıra yükledüm  
Çift dahı çekemedi  
şöyle kaldı kazanı

Bir sinek bir kartalı  
Salladı urdı yire  
Yalan değül gerçektür  
Ben de gördüm tozını

Bir küt ile güreşdüm  
Elsüz ayağum aldı  
Güreşip basamadum  
Köyündürdü özümü

Kaf dağından bir taşı  
şöyle atdılar bana  
Öğlelik yola düşdi  
Bozayazdı yüzümü

Balık kavağa çıkmış  
Zift turşusun yimeğe  
Leylek koduk toğurmuş  
Baka şunun sözünü

Gözsüze fisıldadum  
Sağır sözüm işitmiş  
Dilsüz çağırıp söyler  
Dilümdeki sözümü

Bir öküz boğazladum  
Kakıldum sere kodum  
Öküz ıssı geldi eydür  
Boğazladun kazumı

Bundan da kurtulmadum  
N'idesini bilmedüm  
Bir çerçi geldi eydür  
Kanı aldun gözgümi

Tospağaya sataşdum  
Gözsüz sepek yoldaşı  
Sordum sefer kancaru  
Kayseri'ye azimi

Yunus bir söz söyledün  
Hiçbir söze benzemez  
Münâfiklar elinden  
Orter mâ'nı yüzini

## Twenty Seven

My heart burned, my chest was in flames;  
My lungs, like roast meat, were ablaze.  
For all this suffering of mine  
The lovers' sweet drinks were the cause.

There are those who forge love anew  
And those who make it go askew;  
Some walk around drunk through and through.  
Those remain in ruins always.

The pen writes with strokes full of love  
To which the world is a captive;  
Even Archangel Gabriel  
Stands as a veil between lovers.

At religious schools, no master  
Managed to study this chapter;  
Those professors failed to explain  
The essence of that advanced phase.

The Angel of Death pressed his case;  
All his claims turned out to be lies.  
Whoever commits perjury  
Will suffer the rest of his days.

Lovers challenge death to transmute;  
Their circle of trance can't go mute;  
They revel in their harp and lute  
As their ensemble joyfully plays.

Yunus, come, join the mystics' corps,  
Serve as their slave down to the core,  
Because it is God who yearns for  
The masters of the mystic ways.



Yandı yüregüm dutuşdı  
Bağrum ciğerüm kebabdurur  
Aşıklarun şerbetleri  
Bu derdüme sebebdirur

Bir niçeleri aşk düzer  
Bir niçeleri aşk bozar  
Bir niçeler esrük gezer  
Eyle kim var harabdurur

Aşkıla çalındı kalem  
Aşka yesirdurur âlem  
Âşıklar arasında  
Cebreil dahı hicabdurur

Medreseler müderrisi  
Okumadılar bu dersi  
şöyle kaldılar âciz  
Bilmediler ne babdurur



Azâzil dâ'vi kıldı  
Dâ'visi yalan oldu  
Yalan dâ'vi kılanun  
Pes cezası azabdurur

Ölmez aşk bilişleri  
Esrük meclis hoşları  
Dâim bunların işi  
Çeng ü şeşte rebabdurur

Yunus imdi miskin ol  
Hem miskinlere kul ol  
Zîre miskin olanları  
Arzulayan Çalabdurur

## Twenty Eight

You never thought this day would come—  
Now your eyes have lost all their light;  
Your image will turn to dust soon,  
Your tongue shall have no words to cite.

Once the Angel of Death descends,  
All help your parents can give ends;  
The combined power of your friends  
Cannot withstand that Angel's might.

To the Wise Man your son will go.  
Word will be sent to friend and foe;  
Last-ditch repentance or sorrow  
Could not even help you a mite.

There will be a man to bathe you,  
While one pours water to lave you,  
And then the shroud man to swathe you—  
But none will care about your plight.

On a wooden horse you will sit:  
It will carry you to your pit—  
Down into the ground your casket  
Will go, and you'll drop out of sight.

For three days they will sit it out—  
To settle your affairs, no doubt;  
You will be all they talk about.  
After that, their lips will stay tight.

You're better off, mystic Yunus,  
To give advice to yourself thus:  
Creatures of today make no use  
Of good advice, don't think they might.



Anma(z) mısın şol günü sen  
Gözün nesne görmez ola  
Düşe suretin toprağa  
Dilin haber vermez ola

Çün Azrâil ine tuta  
Issı kılmaz ana ata  
Kimse döymez o heybete  
Halktan meded ermez ola

Oğlan gider danışmana  
Salâdır dosta düşmana  
Sonra gelmek peşîmâna  
Sana ıssı kılmaz ola

Evvel gele şol yuyucu  
Ardınca şol su koyucu  
İletip kefen sarıcı  
Bunlar hâlin bilmez ola

Ağaç ata bindireler  
Sinden yana göndereler  
Yer altına indireler  
Kimse ayruk görmez ola

Üç güne dek oturalar  
Hep işini bitireler  
Ol dem dile getireler  
Ayruk kimse anmaz ola

Yunus miskin bu öğüdü  
Sen sana versen yeğ idi  
Bu şimdiki mahlukata  
Öğüt ıssı kılmaz ola

## Twenty Nine

As I kept roaming and marvelling here,  
A stunning secret came to me, brother;  
View the same secret in your own being:  
The Friend is in me, I can see, brother.

I looked deep into my soul and I saw  
What is truly mine and what is in me,  
What is the spirit inside this body—  
I learned my true identity, brother.

I desire him, yet I cannot find Him.  
Who am I— I wonder if He is me.  
I can't see Him outside my entity;  
I merged into his unity, brother.

Why do countless roads stretch ahead of me  
To lead me astray in uncertainty?  
I have made the loveliest arrival  
For I took this hallowed journey, brother.

The man who is faithless cannot feel it:  
Out of the body slithers the spirit.  
I am the nightingale in love's garden,  
From there I came to this city, brother.

Since the start of time I have been Mansur,  
That is why I have come to exist here.  
Burn me, cast my ashes into the air:  
I have become God Almighty, brother.

I was poor, now mine is Benevolence;  
Mine is the universe, all existence,  
Heaven and earth, from sunrise to sunset;  
I have filled the earth and sky, brother.

Now I have found my own true self in me.  
It has happened— I saw God Almighty.  
I had qualms about what might happen then;  
Now there is no fear left in me, brother.



Ben bunda seyr eder iken  
Aceb sırra erdim ahî  
Bir siz dahı sizde görün  
Dostu bende gördüm ahî

Bende baktım bende gördüm  
Benim ile ben olanı  
Suretime can vereni  
Kimdiğini bildim ahî

İsteyüben bulımazam  
Ol ben isem ya ben hani  
Seçemedim ondan beni  
Bir kezden ol oldum ahî

Değme bir yol kandan bana  
Dağılmayam değme yana  
Kutlu oldu seferim  
Hoş menzile erdim ahî



Münkir kiři duymaz bunu  
Dertlilerin sezer canı  
Ben aşk bağı bülbülüym  
Ol bahçeden geldim ahî

Mansur idim ben ezelde  
Onun için geldim bunda  
Yak külümü savur göğ  
Ben "Ene'l-Hak" oldum ahî

Mun'im oldum yoksul iken  
Benüm oldu kevn ü mekan  
Yirden göğ mağrıp maşrık  
Yire göğ doldum ahî

Nitekim ben beni buldum  
Bu oldu kim Hakkı buldum  
Korkum anı buluncadı  
Korkudan kurtuldum ahî

## Thirty

I have disclosed all my secrets today  
And found my soul by giving it away.

Heart and soul adoring the Beloved  
In whose embrace I cherish my heyday,

I found the Loved One, I need no one else;  
Let my store be plundered this very day.

Earth is mine, sky is mine, heavens are mine,  
Under my tent, I put them in array.

No wonder the name Yunus is disgraced:  
They read my poems and learn what I say.



Eşkere kıldum bugün pinhânımı  
Can virüben buldum ol cânânımı

Can gönül hayran kalıpdur mâşuka  
Mâşukıla sürerem devranımı

Kânı buldum n'iderem ben ayruğı  
Yağmaya virdüm bugün dükkânımı

Yir benümdür gök benümdür arş benüm  
Gör nicesi germişem sayvânımı

Yunus oldıysa adum pes ne aceb  
Okuyalar defter ü divanımı

## Thirty One

I am not at this place to dwell,  
I arrived here just to depart.  
I'm a well-stocked peddler, I sell  
To all those who'll buy from my mart.

I am not here on earth for strife,  
Love is the mission of my life.  
Hearts are the home of the loved one;  
I came here to build each true heart.

My madness is love for the Friend,  
Lovers know what my hopes portend;  
For me duality must end:  
God and I must not live apart.



Benim bunda kararım yok  
Ben gine gitmeğe geldim  
Bezîrgânım metâim çok  
Alana satmağa geldim

Ben gelmedim dâv'i için  
Benim işim sevi için  
Dostun evi gönüllerdir  
Gönüller yapmağa geldim

Dost esrûğü deliliğim  
Âşıklar bilir neliğim  
Değşürüben ikiliğim  
Birliğe yetmeğe geldim

## Thirty Two

We drank wine from the Cupbearer  
At an inn higher than the sky.  
Our souls are goblets in His hands,  
Deep in His ecstasy we lie.

At our private place of meeting,  
Where our hearts are scorched with yearning  
Like moths, the sun and the moon ring  
Our candle whose flames rise high.

Yunus, don't tell these words of trance  
To those steeped in dark ignorance,  
Can't you see how swiftly the chance  
Of ignorant men's lives goes by?



Bir sâkiden içdük şarab  
Arşdan yüce meyhanesi  
Bir kadehden esrimişüz  
Canlar anun peymânesi

Ol meclis kim bizde vardur  
Anda ciğer kebab olur  
Ol şem'a kim bizde yanar  
Ay u güneş pervanesi

Yunus bu cezbe sözlerin  
Cahillere söylemegil  
Âkil kâmil olan kişi  
Bu mâ'niye inanası

## Thirty Three

I have these eyes of mine to see your face;  
I only have hands to seek your embrace.  
Today I shall set my soul on the road  
So that tomorrow I can reach your place.

Let me set my soul on the road today,  
Grant me tomorrow whatever its worth.  
Do not offer your paradise to me,  
I have no wish to fly to Paradise.

Who needs it, what use is Heaven to me?  
My heart's eye would not even glance at it.  
All this sorrowful clamoring of mine  
Is not for a garden up in the skies.

You keep trying to use it to entice  
The faithful, but what you call Paradise  
Cannot boast of more than a few hours  
And I don't hanker after their caress.

Offer it to those who go by the creed;  
You're the one I crave, you're the one I need.  
My leaving you would be a shameful deed  
For the sake of a mansion and trellis.





Gözüm seni görmek için  
Elim sana ermek için  
Bugün canım yolda kodum  
Yarın seni bulmak için

Bugün canım yolda koyam  
Yarın ivâzın veresin  
Arz eyleme uçmağını  
Hiç arzum yok uçmağ için

Bana uçmak ne gerekmez  
Hergiz gönlüm ona bakmaz  
İşbu benim zârılığım  
Değöldürür bir bağ için

Uçmağ uçmağım dediğin  
Müminleri yeltediğin  
Vardır ola birkaç hûri  
Hevesim yok uçmağ için

Sûfilere ver sen onu  
Bana seni gerek seni  
Hâşâ ben terk edem seni  
şol bir ala çardağ için

## Thirty Four

Let's not just remain adoring,  
Come, let's go to the Friend, my soul.  
Let's not die longing, imploring.  
Come, let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's leave this city and this land;  
Let's weep, shedding tears for the Friend,  
With the cup of love's wine in hand;  
Come, let's go to the Friend, my soul.

From this world we'd better begone;  
Why be duped, it couldn't live on.  
Let's not be split while we are one;  
Come, let's go to the Friend, my soul.

As I take the road, be my guide;  
Let's set out for the Loved One's side.  
Let's not look behind or ahead;  
Come, let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Before the news of death arrives,  
Before my marked soul vainly strives  
Or the Angel of Death routs our lives,  
Come, let's go to the Friend, my soul.

Let's go to the truly sacred;  
Let's ask for the news about God,  
And taking Yunus on the road;  
Come, let's go to the Friend, my soul.



Bir nazarda kalmayalım  
Gel dosta gidelim gönöl  
Hasret ile ölmeyelim  
Gel dosta gidelim gönöl

Terk edelim il ü şarı  
Dost için kılalım zârı  
Ele getirelim yâri  
Gel dosta gidelim gönöl

Bu dünyaya kalmayalım  
Fânidir aldanmayalım  
Bir iken ayrılmayalım  
Gel dosta gidelim gönöl

Kılavuz olgıl sen bana  
Gönülelim dosttan yana  
Bakmayalım önden sona  
Gel dosta gidelim gönöl

Ölüm haberi gelmeden  
Ecel yakamız almadan  
Azrâil hamle kılmadan  
Gel dosta gidelim gönöl

Gerçek ere ne varalım  
Hakk'ın haberin soralım  
Yunus Emre'yi alalım  
Gel dosta gidelim gönöl

## Thirty Five

My love for my land of faith beckons me:  
Let me go away, calling out my Friend.  
Whoever arrives there lives happily,  
Let me also stay, calling out my Friend.

Let me muse in the cells of the recluse,  
Let me bloom eternally like the rose  
Or be a nightingale in the Friend's mews  
Let me sing and pray, calling out my Friend.

Let them get hold of a few yards of cloth  
And make a shroud to cover my shoulders,  
Let me cast off the garments of this world  
For a new array, calling out my Friend.

Let me walk with the craze that Majnun felt  
And climb the mighty mountains where he dwelt,  
Let me turn into a candle and melt,  
Let me burn like hay, calling out my Friend.

Let the days be gone and the years go past,  
Let my grave fall on me with a swift thrust,  
Let my flesh decay and turn into dust,  
Let me go my way, calling out my Friend.

Yunus Emre, take the Path to the end;  
Those who deny God languish in their land.  
Let me become the wild duck of love and  
Plunge into God's sea, calling out my Friend.



Düşdi önüme hubbû'l vatan  
Gidem hey dost diyü diyü  
Anda varan kalur heman  
Kalam hey dost diyü diyü

Halvetlerde meşgul olam  
Dâim açılam gül olam  
Dost bağında bülbül olam  
Ötem hey dost diyü diyü

şol bir beş on arşun bizi  
Kefen ideler eĝnüme  
Dökem şol dünya tonların  
Geyem hey dost diyü diyü

Mecnun oluban yürüyem  
Yüce dağları büriyem  
Mum olubanı eriyem  
Yanam hey dost diyü diyü

Günler geçe yıl çevrile  
Üstüme sinlem obrıla  
Ten çüriye toprak ola  
Tozam hey dost diyü diyü

Yunus Emre var yolına  
Münkirler girmez yolına  
Bahri olup dost göline  
Dalam hey dost diyü diyü

## Thirty Six

God's truth is lost on the men of orthodoxy,  
Mystics refuse to turn life into forgery.

God's truth is an ocean and the dogma a ship,  
Most people don't leave the ship to plunge in that sea.

At the threshold of truth, the dogma held them back  
At that door, all came in sight, but they could not see.

Those who comment on the four books are heretics:  
They read the text, but miss the deep reality.



Hakikatün mâ'nîsin şerhile bilmediler  
Erenler by dirliğı riya dirilmediler

Hakikat bir denizdür şeriat anun gemisi  
Çoklar gemiden çıkup denize dalmadılar

Bunlar geldi kapuya şeriat tutdı turur  
İçerü girübeni ne varın bilmediler

Dört kitabı şerh iden âsidür hakikatde  
Zîre tefsir okuyup mâ'nîsin bilmediler

## Thirty Seven

Those who have mastered life's meaning shall know no pain,  
The hearts that feel God's truth will never die in vain.

Flesh is mortal, not the soul; the dead can't return.  
Only the body dies, souls can never be slain.

Hearts may take a hundred roads to find life's essence;  
Unless one has God's grace one has nothing to gain.

Take care, don't break the loved one's heart, it's made of glass;  
Once broken, you can't put it together again.

God created the world for the Prophet's friendship;  
Those who come into this world go, they can't remain.





Mânâ eri bu yolda melûl olası değil  
Mânâ duyan gönüller hergiz ölesi değil

Ten fânidir can ölmez gidenler geri gelmez  
Ölür ise ten ölür canlar ölesi değil

Cevher seven gönüller yüz bin yol eder ise  
Hak'dan nasib olmasa nasib olası değil

Sakıngıl yârin gönlün sırçadır sımayasın  
Sırça sındıktan geri bütün olası değil

Yaratdı Hak dünyayı Muhammed dostluğuna  
Dünyaya gelen gider bâki kalası değil

## Thirty Eight

Love is minister to us, our flock is the inmost soul,  
The Friend's face is our Mecca, our prayers are eternal.

When the Friend's face came in sight, duality was routed,  
And religious laws were all cast outside of the portal.

The soul makes its obeisance at the altar of the Friend,  
Rubs his face on the ground and prays to the all-Powerful

We regard no one's religion as contrary to ours.  
True love is born when all faiths are united as a whole.

He who waits at the door of the Friend in truth and virtue  
Is destined to arrive at the divine state without fail.



Aşk imamdur bize gönül cemaat  
Kıblemüz dost yüzi dâimdür salât

Dost yüzni göricek şirk yağmalandı  
Anunçün kapuda kaldı şeriat

Gönül secde kılur dost mihrabında  
Yüzün yire urup kılur münâcat

Biz kimse dinine hilâf dimezüz  
Din tamam olıcak toğar mahabbet

Toğrulık bekleyen dost kapusunda  
Gümansız ol bulur ilâhı devlet

## Thirty Nine

My God, what pain is this which has no remedy?  
What wound is this, it bleeds, yet no mortal can see?

What shall I do with my heart? Love never makes it weary.  
It goes and plunges into love--never returns to me.

Then my heart turns around and showers me with sound advice  
A heart engulfed by love escapes weariness ceaselessly.

A lover absorbed in his own selfhood is no lover;  
One must give up one's life to find beloved beauty.

The lover knows full well that all these worldly possessions  
And all fear of the hereafter are not worth a penny.

They proclaim him dead and they chant prayers for the lover;  
Death is for beasts alone, it's not the lover's destiny.

Within the inner core of this world and the hereafter  
The lover holds his own which is known to nobody.

The field of the lovers is higher than the Ninth Heaven:  
Even though they swing the mallet, there is no ball to see.

Yunus plunged: He now stands immersed in the Oneness of God;  
His mind will never return from Eternal Unity.



Yârab bu ne derddür derman bulunmaz  
Ya bu ne yaradur zahmi belürmez

Benüm garib gönlüm aşkdan usanmaz  
Varur aşka düşer hiç bana dönmez

Döner gönlüm bana öğüt virür hoş  
Âşık olan gönül aşkdan usanmaz

Âşık ki cana kaldı âşık olmaz  
Canın terk itmeyen mâşukı bulmaz

Âşık bir kişidür bu dünya malın  
Âhıret korkusın bir pula saymaz

Âşık öldi diyü salâ virürler  
Ölen hayvan durur âşıklar ölmez

Bu dünya ol âhiretden içerü  
Âşıkun yiri var kimesne bilmez

Erenler meydanı arşdan yücedür  
Salarlar çevgânı tup belürmez

Yunus bu tevhide gark oldı gitti  
Girü gelmekliğe aklı dirilmez.

## Forty

The soul is a mighty person  
And the body serves as his horse.  
All those bites of food you gobble  
Give your body strength and force.

If you devour every last bit,  
That food is your body's profit;  
It means no gains for the spirit,  
But makes the flesh even more coarse.

Its affairs are favor and grace;  
Brightest men can't grasp what it says.  
The soul— this bird of Paradise—  
Is the blissful state of lovers.



Can bir ulu kimsedür  
Beden anun atıdur  
Her ne lokma yirisen  
Bedenin kuvvetidür

Ne denlü yirisen çok  
Ol denlü yürisen tok  
Cana hiç ıssı yok  
Hey suret maslahatıdur

İnayetdur anun işi  
Anlamaz değme bir kişi  
Bilgil ki bu hümâ kuşu  
Âşıklarun devletidür

## Forty One

Multitudes fail to wash away their sins, alas,  
They remain ravenous as their futile lives pass.

Request a gift for God, they will begrudge plain dough;  
All those people, blinded by ignorance, are crass.

This world is a young bride dressed in bright red and green;  
Look on and on, you can't have enough of that lass.

A hundred knights would fail to rob a naked man;  
Take the path of truth starknaked, mystic Yunus.





Niçeler bu dünyada günâhını yuyamaz  
Ömrü geçer yok yire iy dirîgâ tuyamaz

Bir niçe kişilerün gaflet gözin bağlamış  
Hak yolına dirisen bir yufkaya kıyamaz

Bu dünya bir gelindür yeşil kızıl donanmış  
Kişi yeni geline bakubanı toyamaz

Var imdi miskin Yunus uryan olup gir yola  
Yüz çukallu gelürse yalıncağı soyamaz

## Forty Two

Have mercy, just one glance, take the veil off your face:  
On your cheeks, the gleam of the full moon left its trace.

Your chastity is pure as cracked wheat and chickpeas,  
Your forehead,  
your crescent brows teach the young moon grace

Which one of your beauties should the tongue talk about?  
God, keep them off the evil eye in a safe place.

I couldn't tell your height apart from a cypress,  
I was in doubt--the rings on your ears made me guess.

Yunus saw God manifest Himself on your face;  
You can't be separated, you reveal His Grace.



Kerem it bir beri bak rikab yüzünden bırak  
Ayun öndördi misin balkurur yüz ü yanak

Sıratın arılığı bulgur u nohud gibi  
İki kaşun ay alnun genç aya virür sabak

Kangı bir nesneni ki dil nice şerh eylesün  
ilâhî sen beklegil yavuz gözlerden ırak

Boyun yuvuk boyından hiç fark eyleyemedüm  
Gümâna viren beni küpeli iki kulak

Yunus Hak tecellisin senün yüzünde gördi  
Çare yok ayrılmağa çün sende göründi Hak

## Forty Three

We have dashed into Truth in its mansion,  
Viewing all beings in adoration,  
The visions and spectacles of both worlds—  
We have found these in all of Creation.

These skies which revolve in endless races  
And all these subterranean places  
And the seventy thousand veiled graces—  
We have found these in all of Creation.

The seven layers of earth and the skies,  
All the hills and mountains and the seas,  
The Hell of damnation and Paradise—  
We have found these in all of Creation.

The darkest nights and the glittering days,  
The seven stars of heaven with bright rays,  
The tablet where the Word forever stays—  
We have found these in all of Creation.

Mount Sinai where Moses ascended high,  
The sacred mansion built up in the sky,  
The trumpet which sounded Israfel's cry—  
We have found these in all of Creation.

The Old Testament, the New Testament,  
The Koran and the Psalms; all their intent  
And the truth imbedded in their content—  
We have found these in all of Creation.



Mâ'nî evine dalduk  
Vücut seyrini kılduk  
İki cihan seyrini  
Cümle vücudda bulduk

Bu çizginen gökleri  
Taht-es-serâ yirleri  
Yetmiş bin hicabları  
Cümle vücudda bulduk

Yedi yir yedi göği  
Dağları denizleri  
Uçmağıla tamuyı  
Cümle vücudda bulduk

Gice ile gündüzi  
Gökte yidi yıldızı  
Levhde yazılı sözi  
Cümle vücudda bulduk

Musi ağduğı Tûr'ı  
Yohsa Beytü'l-ma'mûr  
İsrâfil çalan sûr  
Cümle vücudda bulduk

Tevrat ile incil'i  
Furkan ile Zebur'ı  
Bunlardağı beyanı  
Cümle vücudda bulduk

## Forty Four

The best eloquence is to maintain taciturnity;  
The cause of the rust over the hearts is garrulity.

If you mean to wipe off all the rust that covers the hearts,  
Be sure to utter this word which is life's true summary:

The man who doesn't see the nations of the world as one  
Is a rebel even if the pious claim he's holy.

Listen to my comment on the structures of the canon:  
Orthodox faith is a ship, its sea is Reality.

No matter how impregnable are the planks of the ship,  
They are bound to crack and shatter when waves rage  
in that sea.

Listen, my beloved one, let me give you a fact beyond this:  
The rebel against Truth is the saint of orthodoxy.

We yearn for knowledge and science, we read the book  
of love,  
God is our professor and love is our academy.



Söylememek harcı söylemegin hasıdır  
Söylemegin harcı gönüllerin pasıdır

Gönüllerin pasını ger sileyim der isen  
şol sözü söylegil kim sözün hulâsasıdır

Cümle yaradılmışa bir göz ile bakmayan  
Halka müderris ise hakikatte âsidir

şer' ile hakikatin şerhini eydem işit  
şeriat bir gemidir hakikat deryasıdır

Ol geminin tahtası her nice muhkem ise  
Deniz mevc urucağız onu uşadasıdır

Bundan içeri haber işit eydeyim ey yâr  
Hakikatin kâfiri şer'in evliyasıdır

Biz tâlib-i ilmleriz aşk kitabın okuruz  
Çalap müderris bize aşk hod medresesidir

## Forty Five

My Lord granted me such a heart,  
At once, it began to adore.  
Now, one moment it basks in joy;  
Next moment its tears start to pour.

One moment it seems like a bird  
In the dead of winter, stranded.  
Next moment it revels: gardens  
And orchards are born at its core.

One moment it becomes tongue-tied  
And leaves all things unclarified.  
Next moment, pearls spill from its mouth:  
To those who suffer, it gives cure.

One moment it soars to heaven—  
It descends into the earth, then.  
One moment it seems like a drop,  
Then like the ocean whose waves roar.





Hak bir gönül verdi bana  
Ha demeden hayran olur  
Bir dem gelir şâdî olur  
Bir dem gelir giryan olur

Bir dem sanasın kuş gibi  
şol zemherî olmuş gibi  
Bir dem beşâretten doğar  
Hoş bağ ile bostan olur

Bir dem gelir söyleyemez  
Bir sözü şerh eyleyemez  
Bir dem dilinden dür döker  
Dertlilere derman olur

Bir dem çıkar arş üzere  
Bir dem iner taht-es-serâ  
Bir dem sanasın katredir  
Bir dem taşar umman olur

## Forty Six

I have come from the everlasting land;  
What would I do with this world here that dies?  
I have revelled in the face of the Friend,  
Why would I need houris from Paradise?

I have sipped, out of the Beloved's hand,  
The wine of Oneness with its mysteries;  
I am so full of the scent of the Friend,  
Why would I need the sweet basil's fragrance?

I have abandoned the world, like Jesus,  
So I journey far and wide through the skies;  
Having seen the divine face, like Moses,  
What does it mean to me to be sightless?

Like Ishmael, I am to sacrifice  
My life and soul for God's truth and justice;  
I have surrendered myself to Thy hands,  
Why would I need a ram to sacrifice?

Re-union with that Beloved of his  
Gives Yunus the lover his ecstasies.  
I have smashed the bottle against the stones;  
What would I do with honor and prudence?



Mülk-ü bekadan gelmişem  
Fâni cihanı neylerem  
Ben dost cemalin görmüşem  
Hûr-i cinanı neylerem

Vahdet meynin cür'asın  
Mâşuk elinden içmişem  
Ben dost kokusun almışam  
Misk i reyhanı neylerem

İsa gibi yeri koyup  
Gökleri seyran eylerem  
Musayı didar olmuşam  
Ben "len terani" neylerem

İsmail'in Hak yoluna  
Canımı kurban eylerem  
Çünkü bu can kurban sana  
Koç kurbanı ben neylerem

Âşık Yunus mâşuk ile  
Vuslat bulunca mest olur  
Ben şişeyi vurdum taş a  
Namus u ârı neylerem

## Forty Seven

Out of this world, we're on our way:  
Our greetings to those who will stay.  
We send all our greetings to those  
Who give us their blessings and pray.

Under Death's weight, our backs gave way;  
Now our tongues have nothing to say.  
We send greetings to those who've asked  
About us as, near death, we lay.

Fateful Death takes our lives away:  
None can escape, none goes astray.  
We send greetings to those who've asked  
About us as, near death, we lay.

Listen: Mystic Yunus says so.  
His eyes are filled with tears of woe.  
Those who don't know cannot know us;  
We send greetings to those who know.



Bu dünyadan gider olduk  
Kalanlara selâm olsun  
Bizim için hayır dua  
Kılanlara selâm olsun

Ecel büke belimizi  
Söyletmeye dilimizi  
Hasta iken hâlimizi  
Soranlara selâm olsun

Dünyaya gelenler gider  
Hergiz gelmez yola gider  
Bizim halimizden haber  
Soranlara selâm olsun

Miskin Yunus söyler sözün  
Yaş doldurmuş iki gözün  
Bizi bilmeyen ne bilsin  
Bilenlere selâm olsun

## Forty Eight

The fire of love has come to scorch my breast  
and will go on burning;  
My desolate mind has endured love's pain  
and will go on yearning.

I fell in love with my Sultan: then separation  
crushed my soul;  
The Friend put love's fetters on my neck  
and will keep me in His thrall.

The faithful abide by His words;  
He looks differently on no one.  
My eyes have come to gaze at the Friend's face  
and will gaze on and on.

Longing has burnt my soul to ashes; the nightingale  
moans and cries—  
Then, this poor little heart of mine is ripped out  
and begins its rise.

Yunus the lover says these words— his nightingales  
moan and lament;  
His roses in the Friend's garden come and go  
in their lovely scent



Aşkın odu ciğerimi yaka geldi, yaka gider  
Garip başım bu sevdayı çeke geldi, çeke gider

Kar etti firak canıma, âşık oldum sultanıma  
Aşk zincirin dost boynuma taka geldi, taka gider

Sadıklar durur sözüne, gayri görünmez gözüne  
Bu gözlerim dost yüzüne baka geldi, baka gider

Bülbül eder âh ü figan, hasret ile yandı bu can  
Benim gönülcüğüm, ey can, çıka geldi, çıka gider

Âşık Yunus der sözleri, efgan eder bülbülleri  
Dost bağçesinde gülleri, koka geldi, koka gider

## Forty Nine

Those who perch on this false world and then go out,  
They never speak nor send any news at all;  
Those on whose graves all sorts of grass and weeds sprout,  
They never speak nor send any news at all.

Some of them have trees that grow beside their graves,  
Some are covered with weeds that wither in waves:  
There lie innocent youths, fair maidens, and braves.  
They never speak nor send any news at all.

In the ground, their tender flesh has turned to dust;  
Buried in deep silence, their sweet tongues hold fast.  
Come, mention their names in your prayers— you must.  
They never speak nor send any news at all.

Some died young: never lived beyond life's threshold;  
Some wore crowns that their heads could no longer hold.  
When they died, some were six or seven years old.  
They never speak nor send any news at all.

Be they revered teacher or greedy trader,  
Drinking Death's nectar came harder and harder,  
Be they white-bearded or religious leader:  
They never speak nor send any news at all.

Yunus says: "All this is done by Fate alone."  
From their eyes, all their brows and lashes are gone;  
To mark their place there is only a headstone.  
They never speak nor send any news at all.





Yalancı dünyaya konup göçenler  
Ne söylerler ne bir haber verirler  
Üzerinde türlü otlar bitenler  
Ne söylerler ne bir haber verirler

Kiminin başında biter ağaçlar  
Kiminin başında sararır otlar  
Kimi masum kimi güzel yiğitler  
Ne söylerler ne bir haber verirler

Toprağa gark olmuş nazik tenleri  
Söylemeden kalmış tatlı dilleri  
Gelin duadan unutman bunları  
Ne söylerler ne bir haber verirler

Kimisi dördünde kimi beşinde  
Kimisinin tâcı yoktur başında  
Kimi altı kimi yedi yaşında  
Ne söylerler ne bir haber verirler

Kimisi bezirgân kimisi hoca  
Ecel şerbetini içmek de güç a  
Kimi ak sakallı kimi pir koca  
Ne söylerler ne bir haber verirler

Yunus der ki gör takdirin işleri  
Dökülmüşler kirpikleri kaşları  
Başları ucunda hece taşları  
Ne söylerler ne bir haber verirler

## Fifty

I love you beyond the depths of my own soul;  
On my way, I shun the canon and its call.

Don't say I'm in my self. I am not at all.  
There's an I within me, deep, deeper than I.

Wherever I look, I see you've filled that space:  
Where, in my inmost soul, can you have your place?

Don't ask me about me: I'm not inside me—  
In its robe, my body walks on, all empty.

My love for you has plucked me away from me:  
What sweet pain is this? It's beyond remedy.

As he passed by, Yunus chanced to meet the Friend,  
And remained at the Gate at the deepest end.



Severim ben seni candan içeri  
Yolum vardır bu erkândan içeri

Beni bende demen bende değilim  
Bir ben vardır bende benden içeri

Nereye bakar isem dopdolusun  
Seni nere koyam benden içeri

Beni sorma bana bende değilim  
Suretim boş yürür dondan içeri

Senin aşkın beni benden alıptır  
Ne şirin dert bu dermandan içeri

Geçer iken Yunus şeş oldu dosta  
Ki kaldı kapuda ondan içeri

# Fragments



And Lines From Yunus Emre's

P

O

E

M

S

I

Let **uS** die

When **We** are not dying

So that we **shall not** die again.

## II

*Better live the good life here*  
*or earth* *If faith and religion are what you need.*

*Your work will not end there tomorrow*

*Unless it is finished here today.*

III

At

One

Glance,

The two worlds

Are joined in a single flame;

For

The

Upright,

Today and Tomorrow

Are the same.

## IV

Whoever falls in love with

Y

O

U

Will achieve everlasting life

And will spend all his days and nights

Wallowing in his love for

Y

O

U

We fell in love, we are lovers;

We are loved, we are the loved ones.

Each moment we get born anew:

No one could grow weary of us.

Ever since Yunus fell in love with

Y

O

U



His soul is full of beauty and joy;  
Living a lovely new life all the time,  
He has escaped the ravages of age.

Many people say to Yunus:  
"You have become old, let love loose."

Time never pays

L

O

V

E

A visit,

Months and years are not part of it.

V

Look deep into me with divine wisdom

Until... I become visible to you:

Because before I appeared in this shape

I had a hundred thousand forms.

Before Adam was created,

Before the soul entered the mold,

Before Satan found damnation,

At! Of Heaven was where I roamed.

My tomorrow is today:

This is when the might of God appeared.

## VI

O, friends

And lovers

And brethren,

Go ahead,

Ask where I had been;

Since you want to know,

I'll shed light:

I was in the eternal land.

For a long time

I was a star in the sky

Desired by all

The heavenly angels.

That was a time of such great bliss:

There was neither Grief nor sadness,

My heart had no worry or care;

The homeland of this soul was there.

In this world

I have no place of my own,

My way station and

My halting place are there.

I am the sovereign,

My crown and throne,

My robe and horse

Of Paradise are there.

VII

For

certain

A person

who has no friends

In this world

IS

DESTITUTE!

## VIII

The world get-filled  
With all the joys of love;  
That is why those who love  
Beam with a smile.  
If a flower blooms without love,  
It wilts;  
It is only with love that  
Life has bliss.  
My soul  
Has stirred  
With your fragrance Yearning  
To abandon this earth.

IX

I Know

NOTHING

About Your Place:

How

And Where

Can I Seek You Out?

They Bring Tidings Of You Always,

Yet

NOBODY

Can Find Your Trace.

X

TAKE

THE

VEIL

AWAY

FROM YOUR

FACE

LET ME

BURN

WITH YOUR

BEAUTY



## XI

so many people  
are in a bad way  
because of poverty;  
Some are wealthy,  
but their heart  
are never free  
of anxiety.

XII

W  
H  
A  
T  
DIES  
IS THE  
BODY;  
SOULS  
CANNOT  
D  
I  
E  
.

XIII

True Faith

Is In

The

Head,

Not

In The

Headgear.

## XIV

Leave Aside  
All Other Words,  
Turn On Yourself  
Your Vision;  
Be Sure To Confront  
Your Own Self  
With  
Your Own  
Transgression.

XV

I BEAR MALICE  
AGAINST  
NO ONE,  
EVEN STRANGERS  
ARE  
FRIENDS OF MINE.

XVI

I would not call him a lover

The man

who craves God's Paradise.

Paradise is only

A trap

To catch

The souls of foolish men.

## XVI

When LOVE arrives, all needs and flaws are GONE.

## XVII

With love we used to yearn for it:

Then we discovered that Spirit;

With this face, He took this body,

And like a tunic, he wore it.

Yunus, you are not separate:

You and the Spirit aren't apart.

If you can't find Him in your heart,

Then where can you find that Spirit?



XVIII

If The Lord  
Has made YOU  
CRY,  
He will make you  
LAUGH Again.  
Yunus  
Bears Tidings:  
Those Who  
Hear  
The News  
REVEL IN  
JOY.



## ***Notes on some names and terms***

**Friend:** With great frequency, the poet refers to or addresses "The Friend." In most cases, "friend" stands for "dost," which also means "lover," "mistress," and "God."

Although it is conceivable that Yunus Emre sometimes employs "dost" in the strict neutral sense of "friend," his mystic orientation and the context of reference in the poems make it clear that he stresses the sense of "God as the divine beloved." "Beloved" and "the Loved One" (which are also frequently used in the translations) should be interpreted as references to God rather than any human being. This use is quite common in the vast corpus of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish mystic literature.

**Mansur al -Hallaj:** Yunus Emre refers to him as "Mansur." The reference is to the great Moslem mystic Mansur al-Hallaj, or Hallac-i Mansur most Turkish sources, who proclaimed that he was the Truth or God ("Ana-l Haqq"; Ene'l-Hak). This mystical utterance the orthodox, and Mansur was sadistically killed in 922.

**Majnun:** The distraught lover in the traditional Romeo and Juliet-like story of Leila and Majnun, which has been composed by numerous Arab, Persian, and Turkish poets, including Fuzuli (d. 1556).

**God's truth:** This stands for the word "Hak" (Haqq), which signifies "right," "justice," "truth," and "God."

**Lover and Lovers:** Yunus Emre, like all mystic poets, uses the word "asik" (lover) as a human being in love with God. It is conceivable, however, that the reference is to someone who is in love with a human being rather than God. In some cases, a progression of love from a human being to the Divine Being is envisaged in mystic terms. It should further be borne in mind that "asik" in Turkish also means a folk poet, bard, minstrel, troubadour, etc. Yunus Emre was an "asik" par excellence.

## Suggested Further Reading

### *Books in English*

Faiz, Suha: ***The City of the Heart: Yunus Emre's Verses of Wisdom and Love***, Dorset, England/Rockport, MA, Element Books, 1992.

Halman, Talât Sait: ***The Humanist Poetry of Yunus Emre***,

Istanbul, RCD Cultural Institute, 1972.

Halman, Talat Sait: ***Yunus Emre and His Mystical Poetry***, Bloomington, Indiana, Indiana University, 1981, second printing 1989, third printing 1991. (Includes articles by İlhan Başgöç, Talat S. Halman, Mehmet Kaplan, Annemarie Schimmel, Andreas Tietze, and John R. Walsh, and dozens of Yunus Emre's poems in translation).

Edouard Roditi: ***Yunus Emre: The Wandering Fool*** (in collaboration with Güzin Dino), Tiburon, Cal., Cadmus Editions, 1987.

Helminski, Kabir and Algan, Refik: ***The Drop that Became the Sea: Lyric Poems of Yunus Emre***, Putney, Vermont, Threshold Books, 1989

## *Biographical Notes*

Talat Sait Halman is currently a Professor in the Department of Near Eastern Languages and Literatures at New York University. Formerly he was on the faculties of Colombia University, the University of Pennsylvania, and Princetown University for many years.

In 1972 he became Turkey's Minister of Culture - the first person ever to hold this cabinet post - and he created the Ministry of Culture.

He is a poet, critic, essayist, translator, columnist, dramatist, and historian of culture and literature. He has published more than 30 books in Turkish and English. His books in English include *Contemporary Turkish Literature*, *Yunus Emre and His Mystical Poetry*, *Süleyman the Magnificent - Poet*, *Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi and The Whirling Dervishes* (with Metin And), *Modern Turkish Drama*, *The Humanist Poetry of Yunus Emre*, and many volumes featuring the poetry of Orhan Veli Kanik, Fazıl Hüsni Daglarca, Melih Cevdet Anday et al and the short stories of Sait Faik. His poems in English have been collected in *Shadows of Love / Les ombres de l'amour* (with French translations by Louise Gareau-Des Bois) and *A Last Lullaby*. His latest publication is *Living Poets of Turkey*.

In Turkey he has published, four collections of his original poems. His translations into Turkish include the *Complete Sonnets of Shakespeare*, selected poetry of Wallace Stevens and Langston Hughes, the fiction of William Faulkner and Mark Twain, a book of *Eskimo Poetry*, Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh", Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of Euripides' "Medea", a volume of ancient Egyptian poetry, and a massive anthology of the poetry of ancient civilisations.

Some of his books have been translated into French, Hebrew, Persian, Urdu, and Hindi.

From 1980 to 1982, he served as Turkey's Ambassador for Cultural Affairs, the first and still only person to have held this post.

He is the recipient of an honorary doctorate from Istanbul's Bosphorus University, Columbia University's "Thornton Wilder Prize", a Rockefeller Fellowship, and Turkey's "Best Play Translation Award, 1989 and 1990". In 1971, Queen Elizabeth II decorated him "Knight Grand Cross, G.B.E., The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire".

